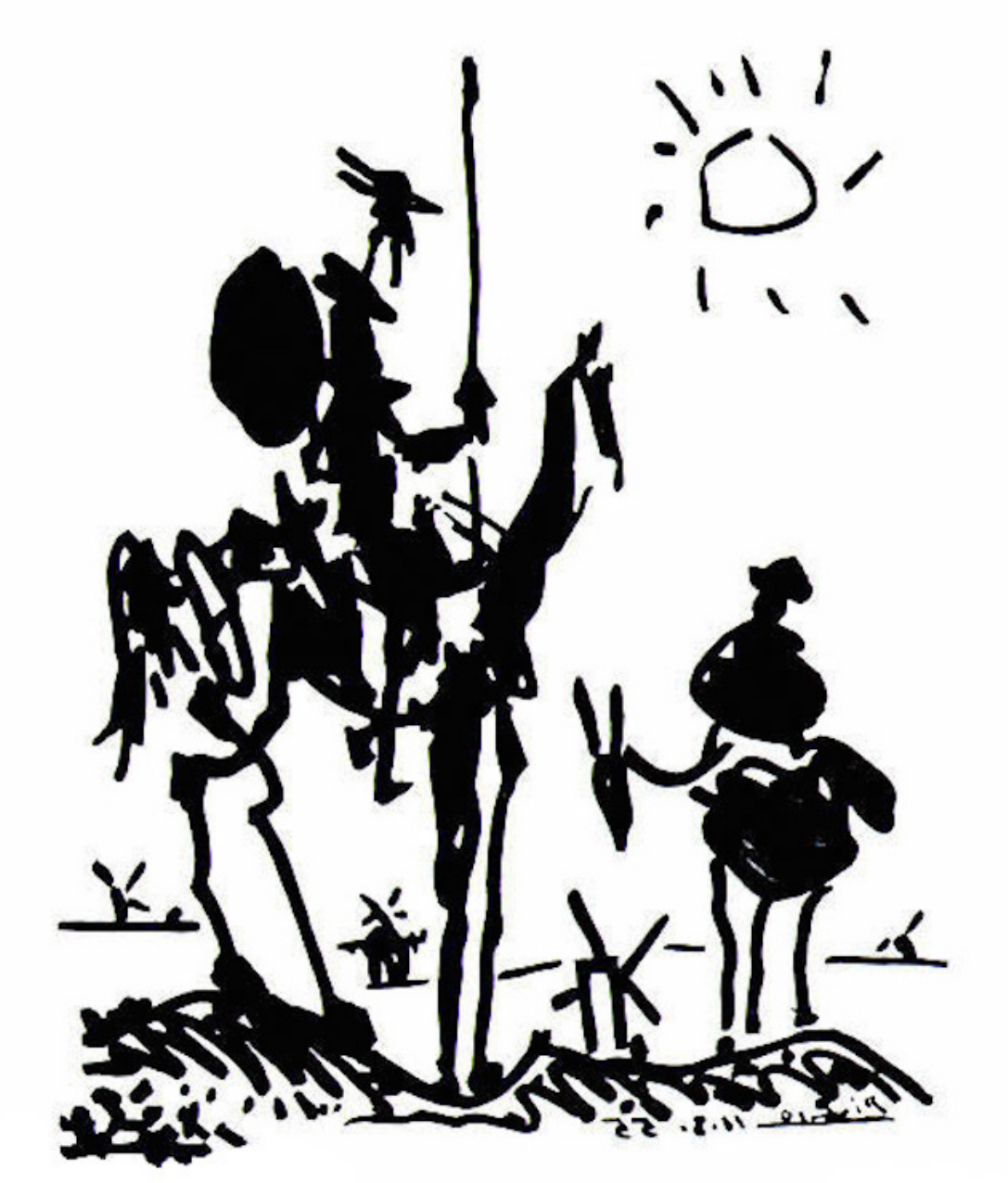
Breadcrumbs 2020

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2020. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
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https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
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Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
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Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
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Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
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Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
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Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
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Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
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The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
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Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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The Real is Discovering
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To Be, or Not to Be
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Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
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Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
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Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

Any given life is filled with so many adventures, so many misadventures.
All vague perceptions that never happened the way they are remembered.

* * * *

No one can teach You what is true.
You must explore it alone, discern it alone.
Awareness is all, and timelessly awaits your presence.

* * * *

There are indeed many classes, many grades, many calibers, of imagination,
But all are nonetheless imagination, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Why wait for the Fates to decide your end by some other foul hand?
Whose hand is better suited for your own departure than your own?

* * * *

Rather than asking children what they are going to be when they grow up,
Would it not be more accurate to ask them what they think they might do?

* * * *

Time is a creation of the human mind.
The timeless moment is all there is.
All meaning and purpose is illusion.
Only the mind moves the clock's hands.
Only the mind travels the calendar's pages.
Only the mind measures all things imaginable.
Only the mind imagines its world, its universe, real.

* * * *

Espousing any religion only proves again and again,
How far humankind has drifted from its origin.
What need does nature have for dogma?

* * * *

If there is an original sin, a dubious concept from the get-go,
It is the choiceless happenstance, the cosmic spin of the quantum roulette wheel, of being born.
You did not ask to be here; You are not required to stay here.
There is only one exit.

* * * *

The natural world operates at a level of Darwinian purity,
That the human species long ago stopped giving exclusive attention.
A garden still very much present, to which only the singular few discern access.

* * * *

All creed, all spirituality, is nothing more than the drivel,
That individuals and groups incessantly drone on and on about,
To give their tawdry lives meaning and purpose where there is none.
Massive piles of hooey-balooey inanity to occupy otherwise empty minds.

* * * *

Chances are You are already all but forgotten by most everybody,
You have ever called lover, friend, acquaintance, stranger, or foe.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of everything.
The cosmic universe, the world.
All things sentient, all things inanimate.
All cultures, all languages, all deities, all dogmas.
All histories, all sciences, all mathematics, all music, all art.
All industries, all technologies, all measurements, all space, all time.
Every illusion, every vanity, every everything, under any and every given sun.
All nothing more than the ceaseless vagaries and variations of no-stone-unturn imagination.

* * * *

In the ever-evolving human paradigm,
With its thus-far ever-snowballing population,
And seemingly interminable propensity for tool-making,
There has been a steady shift from generalization to specialization,
From individuals who are capable in every diversity of field and activity.
With robust arrays of knowledge and ability on a variety of subjects, useful or not,
To one where industry and expertise are ever divvied up for efficiency's exalted objectives.
The specialist narrows down his worldview to fulfill his work, his calling, his genius.
The generalist, the jack-of-all-trades, sails many oceans, wanders many ports,
Witnessing and appreciating the talents of those tied to one anchorage.

* * * *

Buddhism can be shared, taught, practiced,
But Buddhahood, that is altogether another matter.
Something no mind bound to time can grasp.

* * * *

Large brain, imagination, sense of self,
Opposable thumbs, arms, legs, larynx, lungs, cooling system,
Ability to manipulate the environment and fabricate tools, tribalism, superstition,
Has made us what we are, keeps us what we are.

* * * *

There is no God, no deity on-high, only awareness.
All deities are the imaginary creations of human consciousness,
Ever fruitlessly, absurdly grappling with the unknowable.

* * * *

The inner eye of awareness witnesses indivisibly,
Allowing consciousness to wander willy-nilly,
And the illusion gyrate into the anarchy and absurdity,
Of every variety of narcissism and hedonism, vanity and avarice,
And the seemingly countless irrevocable, often harsh judgments, they inspire.

* * * *

Political persuasions are formed in the black-and-white-versus-gray of the given wiring.
Spawned by nature, given wind by nurture, they play out in every way across the board.
‘Tis the double-double-toil-and-trouble of opposing dynamics cooking the stew divisive.

* * * *

The agonies and ecstasies of the human epoch are beyond counting,
And the tranquil mind has little to offer in the way of repair,
But to meander about with impassive steadfastness,
Giving it no mind as time and mood allow.

* * * *

What is old age, but another day of reviewing one’s dream,
With all its aches and pains and woes, and worldly travails.

* * * *

Chances are if You scratch deep enough,
There will be a rational explanation for everything.
The immaculate nature of Nature is incapable of anything else.

* * * *

Science is the never-ending exploration of nature in all its grandeur.
Any conclusion that is not open to question sullies the primary directive.
Despite the fact that existence is but illusion, that it is naught but a dream,
Science offers the most reliable, accurate watchtower, imagination can offer.

* * * *

Heavens and hells, of all religions, across all times and geographies,
Are nothing more than carrot and stick manipulation,
Of ignorance, in all its susceptibility.

* * * *

What is history?
My story, your story, his story. her story, their story, our story, the story.
All nothing more than imagination larking about in each and every mind.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos within.
The quantum cosmos without.
All the same, what a mystery.

* * * *

Positing a god or gods, a creation, a cosmos, a mystery,
That does not include the You, that You truly are,
Is absurdity beyond all notions of absurdity.

* * * *

History has never existed as more than a fiction of imagination.
It is but a shadow given reality in the vanity of human consciousness,
Ever since its evolutionary ascension in the primal jungles long before time.

* * * *

Awareness is the ethereal abyss of the eternal moment,
In which quantum earth, quantum water, quantum fire, quantum wind,
Play out the mirage of existence in every imaginable form.

* * * *

Nature, whether You love it or hate it or ignore it, is always there,
Timelessly creating and destroying your world, your cosmos, and You.

* * * *

Why pretend, why make-believe, why fantasize, why feign, You know,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, all this is happening,
When You do not, when You cannot.
It is a mystery.
Leave it, weave it, at that.

* * * *

So much suffering, and for what, really,
But the unwavering mirages of vanity and avarice,
The delusions of narcissism and hedonism.
The contrails of imaginary notion.

* * * *

There is the rational response.
There is the passionate response.
To which are You predisposed?

* * * *

No matter how wild You are, if You are hungry, cold, lonely, weak, sick,
You will likely capitulate, You will likely tame yourself, to a giving hand.

* * * *

Every culture has a history, every culture has a narrative.
Every culture makes every conceivable-feasible effort,
To manipulate the future into its enduring likeness.

* * * *

Take a good inward look at how seriously You take yourself and your world.

It is not at all unlikely You need to both figuratively and literally lighten up.

* * * *

You cannot distinguish this awareness, You cannot be this awareness,
If/when You are attached to anything born of imagination.
It is a very timeless realization of the sentience,
That permeates the all and none.

* * * *

There are no teachers, no coaches, no masters.
It is You who chooses to school yourself.
It is You who chooses to learn, or not to learn.
It is You who chooses to study, to observe, to realize.
It is You who chooses to put together your imaginary cosmos.
It is You who creates the frame of reference in which You will abide.

* * * *

You are in an imaginary prison of your own making,
Until You clearly perceive the relativity of consciousness,
And the absoluteness of the awareness, through which it wanders.

* * * *

Many if not all, do not easily tolerate things with which they disagree,
Or do things for which they have little disposition.
Ergo, carrots and sticks.

* * * *

You are as perfect as quantum's indivisible mystery,
And as imperfect as humankind's divisible mundane.

* * * *

The endpoint of the philosophical quest,
Is the realization that there is no meaning and purpose,
Other than what the moment offers, other than what the moment calls for.
It is the futile therapy of fools, seeking a greater, that is not.

* * * *

Detach the timeless awareness from the time-bound mind-body consciousness,
And who are You, what are You, where are You, why are You, how are You?
The You, the world, the cosmos, are but secular notions born of imagination.

* * * *

All sense of self is but imaginary notion born of an evolutionary context.
Awareness, ever-present, without frames or boundaries, is the only reality.

* * * *

Growing old so often becomes more about decrying declining health,
And reminiscing the wonders of that youthful vigor,

Than anything deemed present.

* * * *

In the ever-present awareness:
Who is the me, the myself, the I?
What is the me, the myself, the I?
Where is the me, the myself, the I?
When is the me, the myself, the I?
Why is the me, the myself, the I?
How is the me, the myself, the I?

* * * *

Best not be too attached to that finite body-mind.
It is ever-changing and eventually falls away,
No matter what You do to keep it going.

* * * *

The challenge is renouncing the sorrow of consciousness, for the quietude of awareness.
In transcending attachment to the mundane-secular-time-bound world,
For the timeless insecurity of immaculate awareness.

* * * *

The mind-body is the result of a seed, a blueprint, ever-changing since life's creation.
The You that You really are, the You that You really are not,
Has never been what You think.

* * * *

Matters of conscience generally so vary with circumstance,
That it may well be more than rarely worth giving great credence.
The karmic undertone of the Golden Rule is surely enough:
Do unto others as You would have them do unto You.
Mindfulness is the means to a serene existence.

* * * *

Never hesitate to change the way You habitually do something.
Amazing how often a different approach, a different strategy, a different tactic,
Can attain better results, or at least validate the one in play.

* * * *

Every culture that has ever existed has had its deities and demons,
All nothing more than the fabrications of imagination,
None more-or-less real than any other.

* * * *

History is the invention of whatever mind deems rumored events worth remembering,
And wielding the narrative it discerns, into an amalgamation that never really happened.

* * * *

The identity You pretend, is only as capable of functioning,
As the given mind-body, the awareness You truly are, inhabits.

* * * *

It is the essence of the one and only spaceless-timeless moment,
That the beginnings of all ends, are the ends of all beginnings.
That all causes become all effects, and all effects become all causes.
That what is called reality, is but an ever-kaleidoscoping sensory illusion.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto life.
You are the mystery come unto awareness.
You are the mystery come unto consciousness.
You are the mystery come unto imagination.

* * * *

There You so many narcissistic, hedonistic moments are,
Still trying to fill the abyss, still trying to become something.
Things that imagination can never more than pretend to achieve.

* * * *

Negation is simply clearly realizing the pure awareness that You actually are,
Is none of the many concoctions of the wily imagination born of mind,
And letting them all go, and becoming inwardly, very, very still.

* * * *

The ephemeral dream of consciousness is without tangibility,
Without meaning or purpose, without beginning or conclusion.
Any given existence is nothing more than a fiction of imagination.

* * * *

You did not exist a moment ago, nor will You a moment hence.
This singular moment is the one and only spaceless-timeless now.

* * * *

Rest easy in the forebrain, where all dreaming appears and disappears, each-and-every moment.
Where, from nothingness, imagination weaves its reverie of space and time,
In the thunder and lightning of the neuron trails.

* * * *

You appear but a smidgeon of the cosmos,
Yet without You to witness it, it would not, could not be.
It is an inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery, born of imagination,
In which observer and observed are interminably intertwined,
In the all-pervading, unborn-undying awareness,
Prior to all plays of consciousness.

* * * *

Chances are, once You sell or trade something, or give or throw it away,
That You will rarely, at best, ever think upon it again.
Out of sight, out of mind.

* * * *

What is human existence, but a spectrum of love and hate,
With an array of different shades of like and dislike between.

* * * *

What is it, persuades such longing for a lengthy existence, full of pain and suffering,
When so many monotonous and marginal and pitiless moments, are the compensation?
What is ecstasy, but the absence of the myriad agonies, the mind-body so easily bestows?

* * * *

Language, mathematics, music, are all inventions of the imaginary mind born of illusion.
They sashay through eternity's ether like the smoke of all things earth, water, air, fire.
They persevere for only as long as imagination maintains its holographic universe.

* * * *

How is it that the eternal moment is not enough for You?
How is it that You always want more than heaven can offer?

* * * *

In any of history's free-for-alls for democracy,
When has government of the people, by the people, for the people,
Really ever not been government of the oligarchy, by the oligarchy, for the oligarchy?

* * * *

What is this need to delineate an identity?
Words cannot even begin to approach the sovereignty,
Of the eternal awareness You every moment truly are, and are not.

* * * *

The more You know, the more You must forget.
The more You possess, the more You must abandon.
The ascetic existence is inclined to simplicity and freedom.

* * * *

How can that which is but a temporal fabrication of analog creation,
Ever fully comprehend, fully surrender, to that timelessness which is prior?
A maddening and pointless exercise, to which only doubters are drawn.

* * * *

What is sanity, what is insanity,
But all the standards of any given culture,
Asserting this or that, is or is not acceptable behavior.
Standing alone, standing sovereign, is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

Through all agonies, through all ecstasies,
The awareness is ever the same.
It chooses no sides, it chooses no modes.
All states of consciousness are equally transcended.

* * * *

For the awareness, that is the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent witness, to stand alone,
The consciousness of imagined little self, must surrender to the stillness which is absolute.

* * * *

How can You, who are the unborn-undying awareness,
Not be the witness within and without every seed ever born,
Across the vast ever-and-ever of all quantum creation?
Not a string of separate lives, but an ocean of all.

* * * *

No matter how many ways,
You add or subtract or multiply or divide or whatever the moment,
It is always the same.

* * * *

Awareness, consciousness, perception, memory, imagination, are one in the same, the same in one.
The cosmos is nothing more than the happenchance of quantum selection since the mystery's origin.
To suppose some separate creator creating it all, is to misconstrue the fact that it is all very much You.
Not a point to be taken in some proud, vainglorious, narcissistic way, but one to be discerned,
As the way it truly is, the way it has always truly been, the way will ever truly be.
You are source, source is You, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The given second, the given minute, the given hour,
The given day, the given week, the given month, the given year,
The given decade, the given century, the given millennium, the given epoch,
All played out, in the same given awareness, of the same given moment.

* * * *

The dilemma of stuff, is how much time and effort and resources it can take,
To purchase it, use it, maintain it, clean it, dust it, repair it, organize it, store it,
Protect it, insure it, use it, sell it, give it away, throw it away, and whatever else it.
Generally enjoyable for a time, but sooner or later, something of an albatross.

* * * *

There is no history, only historians.
There is no translation, only translators.
There are no Christs, there are no Buddhas,
Only middlemen and followers and circus tents.

* * * *

Ethics in warfare is rooted in complete and utter absurdity.
If You are steadfastly resolved on annihilating an individual or group,
Why should-could-would it possibly matter how You do it?
Dead is dead, no matter the ways and means.

* * * *

Knowledge is perception recalling.
All futures are but hollow speculation.
Speculation does not count as knowledge.
It utilizes knowledge to predict possibilities,
But it can never transcend the timeless moment.

* * * *

To say it is all You, is not some vain reckoning, but a most hallowed fact,
To which only the most discerning, the most immaculate minds, are privy.

* * * *

Waking dreams, sleeping dreams, what difference, really?
Both are fictions of consciousness, of imagination,
Of minds born of illusory quantum theater.

* * * *

Any god or gods born of imaginary notion are false, meaningless idols,
Whose chief function is to feed the narcissism of the individual,
And the collective, in which the individual participates.

* * * *

The ever-changing eternal moment.
Sometimes it creates, sometimes it preserves, sometimes it destroys.
There is no knowing what will come next.

* * * *

A good day is washed away by a bad one.
A bad day is washed away by a good one.
Ebbing and flowing, always ebbing, flowing.

* * * *

How many women are only interested in a man's youthful wildness,
For as long as it takes to reign him in for their own domestic purpose?

* * * *

How many people pigeonhole everyone and everything,
Rather than view it all as freshly as the moment allows?

* * * *

Are You sure what You think happened, actually happened?
And then are You sure what actually happened, actually happened?
What story, what narrative, what description, what account, what chronicle,

Can ever be as real, can ever be as true, as the original moment?

* * * *

The drive of life to sustain itself is the only real meaning and purpose.
Without it, nothing: zero, nil, zilch, void, extinction, annihilation, oblivion.

* * * *

Every moment is in quantum reality entirely unrelated to any other,
But through the time-bound dream of consciousness.
All continuity is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

There is no creator, only creating; there is no destroyer, only destroying.
And they are both one in the same each and every never-changing moment.

* * * *

The Witness manifests many different ways.
Try not to get caught up in the greater or lesser game.
None of it will matter when the Reaper shows up for the harvest.

* * * *

Yet another mind grossly unhinged by industry, technology,
And all the other wayward contrivances born of the human mind.

* * * *

Who is the identity?
What is the identity?
Where is the identity?
When is the identity?
Why is the identity?
How is the identity?

* * * *

It is imagination that clings to all its imaginary notions.
Reality is ever-changing, in its ever-same, indivisible way.

* * * *

The last human …will it be a man? A woman? A boy? A girl?
Who will it be? What will happen? Where will it happen?
When will it happen? Why will it happen? How will it happen?
What will be the last story of the final spark of human consciousness.

* * * *

God, as so many dualistic creeds of these modern times would have it,
Is Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, and the Great Pumpkin,
All bundled up nice-and-tidy-and-a-tad-more-than-all-perfect into one Judge Judy.

* * * *

What happened a moment ago, what will happen a moment hence,
Is not the wheel that is hitting the road right now.
It is only imagination that clings.

* * * *

Every seed is a one-time adventure.
The deep-rooted, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
That witnesses the given sensory theater, is, however, quite another matter.

* * * *

Each and every moment is a new beginning, a new ending.
Why believe, why imagine, You can ever hold on to anything?

* * * *

What is all philosophy but different shades of lipstick on the same mystery.
For each and every observer who might ponder it deeply, it is equally new.

* * * *

… there is but one moment …

… this moment …

… is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment …

… the one and only eternal reality …

… whatever the theater …

* * * *

Every life form is the same quantum mystery, the same awareness, indivisibly alone,
Each peering out into a completely unique, completely sovereign creation.
If You are questing an omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent God,
That grand vision of totality, which ever includes You,
Is as real, is as true, as ever can ever be.

* * * *

Did something happen for a reason? Or did something just happen to happen?
Fallacies are mistaken beliefs, especially ones based on unsound argument.
Piecing together things to give meaning and purpose where none exist.
Mind is adept at connecting dots, but often into great absurdities.

* * * *

You are indelible awareness.
Try not to believe what You see.

Try not to believe what You hear.
Try not to believe what You taste.
Try not to believe what You smell.
Try not to believe what You feel.
And most of all …
Try not to believe what You think.

* * * *

We are all first and last in our own little dream.
Every window of time offers its own articulation.
None are greater or lesser, despite all assertions.

* * * *

From family to tribal bands to the greatest civilizations,
What has any cultural grouping ever been,
But notions born of vanity.

* * * *

All values, all standards, all morals, all ethics, all ideals, all principles, all tenets, all beliefs,
Are subjective, arbitrary, fallacious, sentimental, distorted, idiosyncratic,
Skewed, prejudiced, colored, slanted, biased, personal.
Meaningful only to minds conditioned, habituated to believe them.

* * * *

Existence becomes a preoccupation, an obligation, a predictable routine.
A commitment to enduring endless rounds of monotony and suffering,
Between relatively brief respites, of what is considered exiting or pleasurable.
To what end only death (perhaps) knows, if knowledge is at all important in oblivion.

* * * *

It is imagination that clings to its countless imaginary notions,
Founded upon the sensory mind-body quantum matrix.
Reality is ever-changing in its ever-same way.

* * * *

Neither up nor down, right nor left, forward nor backward,
Nor any other symmetrical or asymmetrical orientation, either.
You are the one and only center stage awareness peering out,
Into your mind-body's rendition of the quantum theater.

* * * *

What would the cosmos be without You?
What would You be without the cosmos?

* * * *

The human experience is remarkably painful, yet we endure,
And continue breeding, so that the future will get its due, as well.

* * * *

Take an hour, split it in half.
Take that half and divide it in half,
And then half that half into yet another half,
And half and half and half, again and again and again,
Until there is but the half-est half that half can consciously be,
And that splinter will still be more half than the one and only twinkling,
In which all time born of the human mind imagines its measured passing to be.

* * * *

What are all old sickly folks doing but just hanging on and on and on,
Taking up space, breathing and imbibing, and otherwise devouring,
The future's air and water, and other ways and means au naturel.

* * * *

Every group has its raison d'etre.
Group actions are less about conspiracy,
Than they are mission statements set in motion.

* * * *

Who are You?
What are You?
Where are You?
When are You?
Why are You?
How are You?
And …
Who-what-where-when-why-how,
Makes You so goll-darned-friggin'-beyond-all-doubt sure?

* * * *

Who are You? What are You? Where are You? When are You? Why are You? How are You?
And who-what-where-when-why-how, makes You so goll-darned-friggin'-beyond-all-doubt sure?

* * * *

Glance over at the weary old woman sitting very alone at the thieving slot machine three stools away.
Chain-smoking cigarette after cigarette, downing as many gin-and-tonics as the waitress will allow.
Though she does not even begin to fathom it, she is just as much the indivisible mystery as You.
So do not get all pride-filled and judgmental, believing You are special for discerning the obvious.

* * * *

Become a stranger to the mind-body that the timeless awareness You truly are inhabits.
Be as aloof toward your passing dream of consciousness as You would be to any other's.

* * * *

And lo and behold, the whirling garden orb, the pale blue dot of the seven days, was no more.
Ripped asunder, slathered by asphalt, cement, glass, and plastic, it had lost its way,
Forever scarred by the monkey-mind evolved in forests of so long ago.

And though blades of grass labored through the many cracks,
God gazed down and forlornly sighed, “Meh.”

* * * *

What is to feel happy for? What is to feel sorrow about? What is to feel angry at?
What is any passion but the self-absorption of desire and rage and fervor,
A dream that is not real, has never been real, will never be real.

* * * *

I am centerstage in my dream; You, centerstage in yours.
What is to be done but play on however the mystery calls.

* * * *

Awareness, You are, You are.
The eternal, ever-present moment.
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

* * * *

Who is the who?
What is the what?
Where is the where?
When is the when?
Why is the why?
How is the how?

* * * *

Sun Tzu said, “The art of war recognizes nine varieties of ground.”

1) Dispersive Ground:
When a chieftain is fighting in his own territory, it is dispersive ground.

2) Facile Ground:
When he has penetrated into hostile territory, but to no great distance, it is facile ground.

3) Contentious Ground:
Ground the possession of which imports great advantage to either side, is contentious ground.

4) Open Ground:
Ground on which each side has liberty of movement is open ground.

5) Ground of Intersecting Highways:
Ground which forms the key to three contiguous states,
so that he who occupies it first has most of the Empire at his command,
is a ground of intersecting highways.

6) Serious Ground:
When an army has penetrated into the heart of a hostile country,
leaving a number of fortified cities in its rear, it is serious ground.

7) Difficult Ground:
Mountain forests, rugged steeps, marshes and fens,
all country that is hard to traverse, this is difficult ground.

8) Hemmed-In Ground:
Ground which is reached through narrow gorges,
and from which we can only retire by tortuous paths,
so that a small number of the enemy would suffice to crush a large body of our men,
this is hemmed in ground.

9) Desperate Ground:
Ground on which we can only be saved from destruction
by fighting without delay, is desperate ground.

Always be aware of the ground on which You stand,
The ground through which You pass,
The ground through which You intend to stand or pass,
The ground in which You have stood, or through which You have passed,
And the quantum nature of which all are equally fashioned,
Ever-indivisible beneath your indivisible feet.

* * * *

Cultures across every time and geography have always added imagery and idolatry
– gratuitous, frivolous, meaningless usurpations, ever born of imagination –
To their ceaseless speculations regarding this unsolvable mystery,
All of which are utterly pointless when it comes to the quest for truth.

* * * *

Who is I?
What is I?
Where is I?
When is I?
Why is I?
How is I?

* * * *

All are alone, centerstage in their universe,
And all others are but ever-kaleidoscoping reflections,
Born of the sensory theater that nature-nurture hath wrought.

* * * *

Always a sound and rational idea to hold fast with the Seven C's of effective communication:

Clarity
Ensure your message is easy to understand and leaves no room for ambiguity.
Use clear and concise language, avoiding jargon or technical terms
that your audience may not understand.

Conciseness
Get straight to the point and avoid unnecessary words or information.
A concise message is more likely to be retained and acted upon.

Correctness
Ensure your message is accurate, factual, and free of errors.
Double-check your figures, facts, and grammar before sending or delivering your message.

Completeness
Include all necessary information to ensure the recipient has a full understanding of the message.
Consider your audience's perspective and provide relevant details.

Concreteness
Support your message with specific details, examples, or illustrations.
Avoid abstract or generalized statements.

Consideration
Show respect for your audience's time, knowledge, and emotions.
Be mindful of their feelings and perspectives.

Courtesy
Be polite and respectful in your communication.
Use appropriate language and tone, and be mindful of non-verbal cues.

* * * *

There is only awareness.
There is only this one ever-present moment in which awareness is.
You are the awareness, You are the moment.
There is no other.

* * * *

Awareness equally, spacelessly, timelessly, indivisibly, permeates all dimensions,
In the one-and-only everlasting, ever-present moment, as the mystery ordains.
What minds perceive is a cosmos, is an ever-mutating theater of quantum design.
How it came to this or that, how it continues on, only ignorance imagines knowing.

* * * *

This is the one and only here, the one and only now,
The one and only awareness, the one and only moment.

Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are …

* * * *

No, not that.
And not that, either.
And throw out that one, too.
Such is the destiny of all speculation.

* * * *

Always wanting it to be what it can never be, has no need to be.
How can You be so gluttonous, when there is truly nothing to feed?

* * * *

Hard to start, hard to continue, hard to finish,
Hard to not wish You could do it all over again.

* * * *

Who? Who cares anyway?
What? What does it matter?
Where? Where do You think?
When? When do You please?
Why? Why does it matter?
How? How do You know?

* * * *

Why would what others think of You, why would what You think of yourself,
Ever matter at all to the awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be?

* * * *

What is there to achieve, what is there to transcend,
When the moment from which awareness peers,
Is every figment You could ever yearn to be.

* * * *

So many speculations, absolutely none any more or less true than any other.
What point, all the delusions, pretending to know what can never be known?

* * * *

All sorts of things that make a life weave and bob.
No rewind button, so damn the torpedoes, tally ho.

* * * *

The pain and suffering of mortal existence is insurmountable,
But through the complete and utter indifference of pure awareness.

* * * *

Spin that narrative however You will, it is just a story.
Imagined, fabricated, temporal, bounded,
Destined to be forgotten.

* * * *

Where does the cosmos go when You close your eyes?
What is the universe doing behind the back of your head?
Not blinking, or turning around, will not provide the answer.

* * * *

That man You slayed, was not so different than You.
He had a mother, he had a father, he had sisters, he had brothers.
He had girlfriends, wives, children, grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts, uncles.
He had friends, acquaintances, partners, co-workers, adversaries.
The only difference was he belonged to a different tribe.
A difference your tribe would not tolerate.

* * * *

Pain and suffering are aided and abetted by imagination's flight in the illusory winds of space and time.
To be still in the awareness that is the source, is to detach from the mind-body and the cosmos it creates.

* * * *

All the plagues, geographies throughout time have witnessed,
Are Mother Nature's resolute attempts to put an end to her two-legged creation.
Perhaps, one of these fine daze, if we do not beat her to the punch, she will finally get it right.

* * * *

Would You ever be as concerned
What any other creature thought of You,
As You are some stranger, passing on a sidewalk?

* * * *

Self-interest is the underlying context for all human interaction.
Love is bullshit unless one truly transcends into the agape rendition.

* * * *

How can You be sure it was not your nature-nurture conditioning,
The patterned interplay of your genetic inheritance and other biological factors,
And the countless influences of external factors after conception,
That tacked You left, not right, or right, not left?
Free will is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

The dearth of wise and trustworthy leadership in this our modern world,
Is not going to get any better any time ever in the human paradigm.
Any and all revolutions will only replace what is with the same.
The little folk who might yearn for more are on their own.
Power and fame and fortune do not tend to seduce the selfless.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

If You sincerely regret something You did or did not do,

It probably means You would do it differently,
Or at least attempt to do it differently,
Were there a rewind button.
Meanwhile, try to forgive yourself.

* * * *

Who is attached to who?
What is attached to what?
Where is attached to where?
When is attached to when?
Why is attached to why?
How is attached to how?

* * * *

Each and every moment takes up a mighty big swath,
When You ponder the breadth and depth
Of the cosmos it contains.

* * * *

Who sees who?
Who tastes who?
Who smells who?
Who hears who?
Who feels who?
Who thinks who?

* * * *

You have been a time traveler ever since your mortal body was conceived.
And You will return to – oblivion, obscurity, nothingness, void, nada – when it perishes.
Such is the nature of the dreamtime, which all sentient creatures small to great must stoically endure.

* * * *

The human paradigm is an outcome of memory cells, created through evolutionary happenstance,
Through natural selection, in such a way as to conjure up an imaginary self,
And the rest is the make-believe we call history.

* * * *

History changes every time a page is added or torn out.
History is unchanged even when a page is added or torn out.

* * * *

No matter that it be alleged fact or fantastical fiction, all thinkers, all writers, all actors,
All historians, all scientists, all mathematicians, all engineers, all electricians,
All architects, all carpenters, all chefs, all tailors, all cobblers,
All inventors, all producers, all originators,
All creators of every variety, every scope, are storytellers.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm has never been about free will.
It was ordained, predetermined, destined, fated,
Genetically sequenced, from the get-go.

* * * *

Someone creates a story.
Someone else believes it true.
Someone else builds a toll booth.

* * * *

You have been a time traveler ever since You were conceived,
And will come to a complete standstill when You depart.
Such is the dream of time for all sentient creatures.

* * * *

How can there ever be a health care system that can keep up,
With all the pain and suffering this manifest dreamtime compels?

* * * *

One tribe or another rapes and pillages and destroys the garden and neighborhood,
And then gets all out of sorts and twisted up, when nature and the neighbors strike back.

* * * *

Any given system tends to eventually grow too large, too unwieldy, too stale,
And is usurped by more adaptable systems, not yet bound by the inevitable constraints.
It is the nature of the manifest garden, the manifest universe, since its creation.

* * * *

The mystery is an endless source of knowledge and nonsense.
How rational is it to endlessly fill You head with so much of it?

* * * *

It is impossible for the pure awareness to exist.
It is but timeless witness to a kaleidoscoping quantum dream,
Over which it has no influence, about which it has no concern, whatsoever.

* * * *

The indelible voraciousness of humanoid consciousness,
Traps the genomic paradigm in an endless vortex,
Of every conceivable narcissism, of every achievable hedonism.
The same old monkey's-fist-in-the-coconut narrative, played out forever again.

* * * *

From non-living matter to organic compounds to slimy blobs to crawlers to tree-swingers,
When the two-legged genome became the human beings we today play, is anybody's guess.

* * * *

One of the first things to admit to yourself every morning,

Is that You are absolutely bonkers, just like everyone else.

* * * *

Awareness is witness.
Imagination, the dreamer.
Quantum, the theater.

* * * *

Is there anything the willy-nilly mob savors more,
Than setting their champions and idols on golden pedestals,
And then righteously wrenching them down at the slightest provocation.

* * * *

The tyranny that desire and fear, power and fame and fortune,
Have over the human mind, is an unending theater of absurdity.

* * * *

You are what You have always been, will always be.
You have always been what You will always be, always are.
You will always be what You are, have always been.

* * * *

So hypnotized by our genomic patterning and cultural conditioning,
That we cannot simply discern, simply transcend,
All the imagined differences.

* * * *

The moment is timeless.
It harbors no beginnings, no endings, nor anything before or between or after.
Those are the dominions of imagination.

* * * *

To be as still as the awareness that perceives it all,
To be free of all desire and fear, all musings, all conclusions, all speculations,
All the weavings of the ever-kaleidoscoping senses,
That is the challenge.

* * * *

Some universes are very large
Some universes are very small.
All universes begin the same.
All universes end the same.
All, the same moment.

* * * *

Infinite or infinitesimal, what does the mystery care?
Spiritual or agnostic, what does the mystery care?
Clean or dirty, what does the mystery care?

Live or die, what does the mystery care?
Wealthy or poor, what does the mystery care?
Alive or dead, what does the mystery care?
Believer or atheist, what does the mystery care?
Subtle or blatant, what does the mystery care?
Kind or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Sane or insane, what does the mystery care?
Straight or gay, what does the mystery care?
Sage or fool, what does the mystery care?
Fast or slow, what does the mystery care?
Do or do not, what does the mystery care?
Long or short, what does the mystery care?
Succeed or fail, what does the mystery care?
Love or hate, what does the mystery care?
Still or moving, what does the mystery care?
Real or unreal, what does the mystery care?
Tit or tat, what does the mystery care?
For or against, what does the mystery care?
Up or down, what does the mystery care?
Around or through, what does the mystery care?
Clear or unclear, what does the mystery care?
Fat or thin, what does the mystery care?
Strong or weak, what does the mystery care?
Gratis or priceless, what does the mystery care?
Hard or soft, what does the mystery care?
Give or take, what does the mystery care?
To or from, what does the mystery care?
Wise or foolish, what does the mystery care?
Beautiful or ugly, what does the mystery care?
Big or small, what does the mystery care?
Known or unknown, what does the mystery care?
Fore or aft, what does the mystery care?
Awake or asleep, what does the mystery care?
Heavy or light, what does the mystery care?
Rich or poor, what does the mystery care?
Awake or asleep, what does the mystery care?
True or false, what does the mystery care?
Ecstasy or agony, what does the mystery care?
First or last, what does the mystery care?
Creative or destructive, what does the mystery care?
Full or empty, what does the mystery care?
Sweet or bitter, what does the mystery care?
Loud or quiet, what does the mystery care?
Straight or rounded, what does the mystery care?
Bright or dim, what does the mystery care?
Well or unwell, what does the mystery care?
Astute or obtuse, what does the mystery care?
Like or unlike, what does the mystery care?

Appealing or revolting, what does the mystery care?
Clear or opaque, what does the mystery care?
Thick or thin, what does the mystery care?
Brave or cowardly, what does the mystery care?
Sweet or sour, what does the mystery care?
Equal or lopsided, what does the mystery care?
King or slave, what does the mystery care?
Queen or whore, what does the mystery care?
Expansive or contractive, what does the mystery care?
Soft or harsh, what does the mystery care?
Young or old, what does the mystery care?
Male or female, what does the mystery care?
Honest or dishonest, what does the mystery care?
Wild or tame, what does the mystery care?
Early or late, what does the mystery care?
Pure or foul, what does the mystery care?
Cautious or reckless, what does the mystery care?
Hit or miss, what does the mystery care?
Lead or follow, what does the mystery care?
High or low, what does the mystery care?
Naive or cynical, what does the mystery care?
Truth or lie, what does the mystery care?
Deep or shallow, what does the mystery care?
Open or closed, what does the mystery care?
Rational or absurd, what does the mystery care?
Near or far, what does the mystery care?
Singular or dual, what does the mystery care?
In or out, what does the mystery care?
Free or imprisoned, what does the mystery care?
Yes or no, what does the mystery care?
Attached or detached, what does the mystery care?
Course or fine, what does the mystery care?
All or none, what does the mystery care?
Shiny or dull, what does the mystery care?
Smart or stupid, what does the mystery care?
Tall or short, what does the mystery care?
Forward or backward, what does the mystery care?
Before or after, what does the mystery care?
Selfless or selfish, what does the mystery care?
One or two, what does the mystery care?
Within or without, what does the mystery care?
Yay or nay, what does the mystery care?
Close or distant, what does the mystery care?
Normal or weird, what does the mystery care?
Wet or dry, what does the mystery care?
Hot or cold, what does the mystery care?
Constant or fickle, what does the mystery care?
Positive or negative, what does the mystery care?

Happy or sad, what does the mystery care?
Fair or unfair, what does the mystery care?
Over or under, what does the mystery care?
Similar or different, what does the mystery care?
Loose or tight, what does the mystery care?
Plus or minus, what does the mystery care?
Above or below, what does the mystery care?
Inside or outside, what does the mystery care?
Simple or complex, what does the mystery care?
Black or white, what does the mystery care?
Smooth or coarse, what does the mystery care?
Wide or narrow, what does the mystery care?
Gentle or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Humble or vain, what does the mystery care?
On or off, what does the mystery care?
Here or there, what does the mystery care?
Have or have not, what does the mystery care?
Sharp or dull, what does the mystery care?
Good or bad, what does the mystery care?
Right or wrong, what does the mystery care?
Everything or nothing, what does the mystery care?
Something or nothing, what does the mystery care?
White or black, what does the mystery care?
Light or dark, what does the mystery care?
This or that, what does the mystery care?

* * * *

A wave is coming toward You.
Dive into it.
Flow with it.
Let it slam You.
Your choice.

* * * *

Who is the I, who cares or cares not?
What is the I, what cares or cares not?
Where is the I, where cares or cares not?
When is the I, when cares or cares not?
Why is the I, why cares or cares not?
How is the I, how cares or cares not?

* * * *

The only duality, the only dichotomy, with all its blacks and whites,
Nears and fars, larges and smalls, heres and theres, rights and wrongs, loves and hates,
Pluses and minuses, goods and evils, creations and destructions,
Is fabricated entirely of imagination.

* * * *

Plug five senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Into a neurotransmitter capable of higher consciousness,
Capable of imagining a sense of self journeying space and time.
Add memory, larynx, opposable thumbs, two legs, lungs, cooling system,
And an inherent predisposition for tool-making and intricate social interactions.
Sprinkle into that biological stew a few dashes of desire and fear,
And, poof, a theater of unmitigated absurdity.

* * * *

Pain and suffering have a way of drawing one's attention,
More easily, more readily, than pleasure and joy.
Within each mind, both lock and key.

* * * *

Are You sure You really want to open that door?
Are You sure You really want to close that door?

* * * *

Hell is surely much more interesting, much more entertaining, much more pleasurable,
Than playing a golden harp, at the feet of some deity, in an ethereal paradise, could ever be.

* * * *

If You want to call anything God, it would be awareness.
That which is kinetic or potential, in all things, in all times.

* * * *

Forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, truth.
Be they the nectar of the gods, or merely hollow ideals?

* * * *

There is only awareness, immaculate and ingenuous, indivisible and absolute.
It is not Brahman, nor Tao, nor God, nor Allah, nor Jehovah, nor Zeus, nor Jesus, nor Buddha,
Nor any other graven image on high, born of consciousness, man-made or otherwise.

* * * *

Every creature plays a sensory cosmos.
Every creature taps into a wee slice of the quantum pie.
An itsy-bitsy sliver of the web of life sponsored by the electromagnetic spectrum.
Finite is finite, no matter the perspective.

* * * *

Be exceedingly wary of those who truly believe their own propaganda.
Regarding your own self-deceptions, your own fallacies,
Do your best to keep them to a minimum.

* * * *

There is nothing more.
Nothing to achieve.

Nothing to grasp.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
All but a dream.

* * * *

We are all thespians upon the quantum stage.
Most believing their parts real and true.
Some more believable than others,
But all dreams, nonetheless.

* * * *

Only in pure awareness, free of all pasts, free of all futures,
All movement of the clouds of consciousness,
Are You free in the dreamtime.

* * * *

So, that is who.
So, that is what.
So, that is where.
So, that is when.
So, that is why.
So, that is how.

* * * *

The articulation, the formulation, of anything,
Is always too many steps beyond the moment, to even bother trying,
But the mind is ever absorbed in the endeavor,
And calls it knowing.

* * * *

You do not need technology to tell You which way the wind blows,
Or that it is hot or cold or humid or raining or snowing,
Or whatever else Mother Nature has in store.
Pay attention, You might live longer.

* * * *

Why bother pretending to know what can never be known?
Only delusion and greed assert anything beyond comprehension.

* * * *

Peering out through the quantum mind,
At a shard of the electromagnetic spectrum,
Another day in the quantum mystery underway.

* * * *

You are the timeless moment between life and death,
Reverie and oblivion, known and unknown, dust and dust.

* * * *

If You are one that endeavors to think outside your box,
The box gradually grows bigger and bigger and bigger,
Until perchance one indivisible day, no edges remain.

* * * *

Only imagination desires and fears, likes and loves and hates, creates and preserves and destroys.
Only imagination wallows in pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth.
Only imagination determines all things separate and unequal.
Awareness is indifferent to all attributes.

* * * *

Awareness has no space, no time, to create or preserve or destroy,
Live or die, give or take, stay or go, happy or sad, love or hate, good or bad,
Right or wrong, smart or stupid, kind or cruel, rich or poor,
Sage or fool, black or white, this or that.
Duality is not its purview.

* * * *

That which can be perceived, is not the timeless quantum.
That which can be named, is not the nameless awareness.

* * * *

The me-myself-and-I is an absurd delusion born of imagination.
It but a fictional player in the spaceless-timeless eye of awareness.

* * * *

Better to be agnostic, better to allow all the befores, all the afters,
To melt back into the obscurity, in which they have always resided.

* * * *

… this moment leads to the next …
… leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next …
… leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next …
… all the same moment … ever present … ever here … ever now … ever eternal …

* * * *

Amazing how much pain and suffering we all put up with in this sensory-mind inspired,
Three-dimensional, touchy-feely, extremely finite, extremely illusory, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Tangibly intangible, ethereal, electromagnetic spectrum quantum matrix of a dreamtime.

* * * *

All modern times – past modern times, current modern times, future modern times –
All transpire … all progress … all kaleidoscope … in the same spaceless-timeless now.

* * * *

Breathe in nothing, breath out nothing.

Repeat, until the last unborn-undying moment,
Consciousness is capable of sustaining.

* * * *

Reside in the timeless, effortless, indivisible serenity,
Of the mystery You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The cosmic garden is an indivisibly immaculate creation.
Imagination is the creator of original sin, the last sin,
And all the incalculable ones betwixt and between.

* * * *

The ephemeral moment offers haven to neither joy nor sorrow.
That is the dominion of the temporal mind imagining all things so.

* * * *

The three vanities – power, fame, fortune – are the ways and means of greed,
And greed, of pride, and pride of an indefatigable capacity for perpetual delusion.

* * * *

You are attached to anything tangible or intangible,
That distracts You from the pure beingness of awareness,
Anything that draws You into the endless web of consciousness.

* * * *

What serenity to let go all the wanting, all the dread,
To inhale and exhale without concern, without doubt.
To see it all, and want it not, is the greatest freedom.

* * * *

Have You really ever seen anything but expressions of nature?
Have You really ever been anything but an expression of nature?

* * * *

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize?
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatrize?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?

What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?
What is to traditionalize?
What is to anything?

* * * *

… There must be a purpose … It was meant to be …
What do those stale fallacies mean, anyway?
Here You are, right here, right now.
What need for it to be more than that?

* * * *

So many victories, so many losses, so many delights, so many regrets.
So many friends, so many acquaintances, so many antagonists.
So many memories of this and that, and that and this.
The mind can be heaven, the mind can be hell,
And all the purgatories weaving the gray between.

* * * *

Consuming only what your metabolism requires is the challenge.
Carbs in, carbs out; far easier not to gain it, than it is to lose it.

* * * *

Forever is a function of time,
And given that time does not actually exist,
Is therefore of questionable meaning.
A dubious assumption, indeed.

* * * *

What creature has not been the transcendent timeless serenity its entire existence?
Only the human species has fabricated a hellish enterprise of this magical garden world.
The gods and demons it has mythologized, are but the vanity of imagination's divisive nature.

* * * *

Attend the moment, in this right-here-right now.
That is the church, 24/7/365, for the rest of mind.

* * * *

Sometimes You look at things one way, sometimes another.

Irony and paradox, take nothing, leave nothing, for granted.

* * * *

Helter-skeltering, in the to and fro, of the ebb and flow,
Until perchance You get back to where You started from.

* * * *

Sight and sound and taste and smell and touch,
Are but the Darwinian alchemy of the sensory mind-body,
Inexplicably founded upon the emptiness of the quantum paradox.

* * * *

Nobody has ever taught You anything.
You may have gleaned something spoken or written,
But it was You who had to study it, learn it, practice it, until it stuck.

* * * *

Observer, seer, visionary, soothsayer, oracle, prophet, prognosticator,
Diviner, fortune teller, augur, crystal gazer, clairvoyant,
Psychic, medium, sibyl, forecaster, scientist.
All witnesses to the same mystery of their own persuasion.

* * * *

No doubt a fair-to-middling portion of the world is always churning away,
On every ways and means to bring any Rome's little production to its knees.

* * * *

That You are co-creator, co-creating, is not an ego thing.
It is an actuality thing, every moment, of every existence.

* * * *

Damning the torpedoes, burning the bridges and boats,
Going for broke, running the gauntlet, throwing caution to the wind,
Are generally extreme, no-other-option tactics; only rarely safe 'n sound strategies.

* * * *

Truth is so much simpler, so much more austere, than all the multiple-syllable wordplay,
That I and others of the same ilk, so methodically, so legalistically use,
In our relatively pointless philosophical prattle.

* * * *

Many if not most are fully absorbed in their own existential adventure,
And make little time to deeply ponder the large and small of it in any meaningful way.
The solitary meander of the philosopher is very alonely ground.
And does it matter? Not one whit.

* * * *

The origin of any scientific experiment is chock-full of speculative possibilities.

The difference between it and superstition, is every attempt to weed out the fallacies.

* * * *

This garden world is plenty capable of fashioning anything,
The physics of the quantum mystery might allow,
Without the aid of aliens or deities.

* * * *

From nothingness, awareness.
From awareness, quantum.
From quantum, chemistry.
From chemistry, biology.
From biology, medium.
From medium, consciousness,
From consciousness, imagination.
From imagination, Me and Myself and I.
From Me and Myself and I, illusion and delusion.

* * * *

We are born alone, we exist alone, we die alone.
Nothing to assert, nothing to emote, nothing to avoid.

* * * *

Every other moment of your relatively brief existence,
No matter the quantum tempest whooshing around and about,
Has always been very much steeped in the same awareness as this one.

* * * *

What is the point of anyone judging any another?
All sensory mind-bodies experience very different worlds, very different universes,
That cannot be altered in any way, in any size, in any shape.
Be and allow, are the highest law.

* * * *

Any individual, any group, any organization, any nation state,
That does not revitalize its dynamic, is destined to decline and fall.

* * * *

When all is said and done, all is said and done.
When all is come and gone, all is come and gone.
Oblivion is the natural state of all befores, all afters.

* * * *

Awareness is the clarity, the simplicity, the transparency, the eternity,
In which the thunder and lightning of consciousness,
Equally plays any and all dreams.

* * * *

The same awareness is in all life,
It is neither mine nor yours nor theirs.
It is without attachment to any configuration,
And equally plays any and all dreams.

* * * *

Nothing to get.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.

* * * *

There is just this one indelible, indivisible reality,
So easily forgotten in any given moment:
That all are You, and You are all.
Simple to utter; challenging to every instant realize.
How quickly the distractible mind can misplace any coherent insight,
In the murky fog, the mucky bog, the gummy quagmire, of the everyday-divisive grind.

* * * *

How is it, all the folks who so convincingly proclaim their presence,
Are never able to offer verifiable scientific proof of all their deities and aliens,
Much less anything more than folklore about how they came to exist in the first place.

* * * *

The convenient thing about the wage slaves of this modern world,
Is that the overseers no longer have to house and clothe and feed them.

* * * *

All deities and other mythological creations are un-provable assumptions,
Born of the inexplicable human need to rationalize their inexplicability.

* * * *

Regarding the infinity of the mystery into which we have been cast,
No one can ever know more than the speculations of imagination allow.

* * * *

Who is the universe You cannot see?
What is the universe You cannot see?
Where is the universe You cannot see?
When is the universe You cannot see?
Why is the universe You cannot see?
How is the universe You cannot see?

Who is the universe You cannot hear?
What is the universe You cannot hear?
Where is the universe You cannot hear?
When is the universe You cannot hear?
Why is the universe You cannot hear?

How is the universe You cannot hear?

Who is the universe You cannot taste?
What is the universe You cannot taste?
Where is the universe You cannot taste?
When is the universe You cannot taste?
Why is the universe You cannot taste?
How is the universe You cannot taste?

Who is the universe You cannot smell?
What is the universe You cannot smell?
Where is the universe You cannot smell?
When is the universe You cannot smell?
Why is the universe You cannot smell?
How is the universe You cannot smell?

Who is the universe You cannot touch?
What is the universe You cannot touch?
Where is the universe You cannot touch?
When is the universe You cannot touch?
Why is the universe You cannot touch?
How is the universe You cannot touch?

Who is the universe You cannot know?
What is the universe You cannot know?
Where is the universe You cannot know?
When is the universe You cannot know?
Why is the universe You cannot know?
How is the universe You cannot know?

* * * *

It is the same today,
As it was yesterday,
As it will be tomorrow.

* * * *

No matter the time, no matter the space,
No matter the form, no matter the formless,
It is all You, and You alone, indivisible, eternal.

* * * *

Who is the universe You cannot see?
Who is the universe You cannot hear?
Who is the universe You cannot taste?
Who is the universe You cannot smell?
Who is the universe You cannot touch?
Who is the universe You cannot know?

What is the universe You cannot see?
What is the universe You cannot hear?
What is the universe You cannot taste?
What is the universe You cannot smell?
What is the universe You cannot touch?
What is the universe You cannot know?

Where is the universe You cannot see?
Where is the universe You cannot hear?
Where is the universe You cannot taste?
Where is the universe You cannot smell?
Where is the universe You cannot touch?
Where is the universe You cannot know?

When is the universe You cannot see?
When is the universe You cannot hear?
When is the universe You cannot taste?
When is the universe You cannot smell?
When is the universe You cannot touch?
When is the universe You cannot know?

Why is the universe You cannot see?
Why is the universe You cannot hear?
Why is the universe You cannot taste?
Why is the universe You cannot smell?
Why is the universe You cannot touch?
Why is the universe You cannot know?

How is the universe You cannot see?
How is the universe You cannot hear?
How is the universe You cannot taste?
How is the universe You cannot smell?
How is the universe You cannot touch?
How is the universe You cannot know?

* * * *

In the Bhagavad Gita, in Lord Krishna's discourse with the warrior, Arjuna,
He states the manifest aspect consists of eight material energies:
Earth, water, fire, air, ether, mind, intellect, and ego.
And that the higher nature is the life force,
That permeates all things and sustains the Cosmos.
This two-fold nature is the womb of all beings and things.
It is the source of all Creation, and that into which it dissolves.
That there is nothing higher than the Self that clearly discerns this,
That "All That Is" hangs upon this Self like "pearls threaded on string."
And that those few who absolutely, without doubt, see this, become That I Am.

* * * *

There has never been even one instant in all eternity,
When You are not the unborn-undying changeless nature.
All perceptions, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructs.

* * * *

There has never been even one instant, when You are not the unborn indivisible nature.
All perceptions, all causes, all effects, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructions.

* * * *

No matter the dice-and-slice of the quantum electromagnetic spectrum being occupied,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the sensory theater,
No matter the dimension,
No matter any dichotomy, any contrast, any gulf, whatsoever,
The awareness peering out, the mystery peering out, the You peering out, is ever eternally the same.

* * * *

Imagine yourself back to the moment You were conceived,
And re-examine, re-witness, from that spaceless, timeless beginning,
The womb, the world, the cosmos, You have in mind traveled, in mind created.

* * * *

Truth is not something that can be taught, nor can it be learned.
It is about fully attending the moment, not the triviality of memory.

* * * *

The great what is, is so prior to and well beyond any mind-made human concoction,
That vanity can never achieve anything more than all but meaningless confabulation.

* * * *

Observing, contemplating, the imaginary expanses of the mind's kaleidoscoping theater,
All seen, all heard, all tasted, all smelled, all touched, all anything,
Is the nothingness of quantum play.

Soundbites

The moment cannot be any more or less than it is and is not.

* * * *

No word can ever touch much less capture the reality of any given moment.

* * * *

Sometimes, if not most times, simple solutions are the best.

* * * *

The human paradigm is going down; how fast or slow is the only question.

* * * *

Religion is human vanity given over to absurd quibbling in much-ado-over-nothing fashion.

* * * *

You cannot hold on to anything; all attempts are futile.

* * * *

Why always make so many things into problems?

* * * *

The House of Cards can only go so high; vanity and greed took it up, vanity and greed will take it down.

* * * *

Long live Peter Pan.

* * * *

Stormy mind versus placid mind, who decides?

* * * *

What's your poison?

* * * *

To journey where these thoughts point requires a doubt few can long sustain.

* * * *

In the realm of more, nothing is not allowed.

* * * *

You want to travel across the universe? Try reaching the inside of your skull.

* * * *

Bits and pieces of happenstance do for a life make.

* * * *

Imagination ever takes flight, ever creating its imaginary cosmos.

* * * *

The best-laid plans are steeped in fluidity.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but a collusion of the human mind.

* * * *

If he was a serial killer, he got away with it.

* * * *

Who knows, this may be the last time You do that.

* * * *

How is it so many relatively intelligent, rational people still believe in magical thinking?

* * * *

There is no more; this is all there is.

* * * *

Awareness is all, and timelessly awaits your presence.

* * * *

The challenge is keeping that game face on when You are alone in the dark.

* * * *

Great foolery does not make for easy living.

* * * *

Peter Pan does not do old.

* * * *

How on earth can that ever be true?

* * * *

Try not to take yourself or your Self so seriously.

* * * *

Words are mightier than swords and guns as long as they remain in scabbards and holsters.

* * * *

Feeding daisies is as happy an ending as You are going to get.

* * * *

So many deities come and gone.

* * * *

Your sleeping dream, your waking dream, what difference, really?

* * * *

If pigs and cows began dressing up and wearing jewelry and makeup, You would laugh, right?

* * * *

Your cosmos is an endless parade of forms and the voids between; try to remember they are all You.

* * * *

Bemoaning any loss does not change the fact that it is gone, and You must carry on.

* * * *

Look at a rock, and see both it and You are ever-changing, yet ever the same.

* * * *

The Golden Rule is all You need; everything else is redundant.

* * * *

An inevitable consequence born of greed and hubris.

* * * *

Existence is a means, not an end.

* * * *

There are many doors, but only one exit, out of this theater.

* * * *

Nature timelessly creates and destroys without artifice or theatrics or agenda.

* * * *

The same old exception that again and again proves the irony-paradox rule true.

* * * *

Look at the vast emptiness within, and convince me how You are ever going to fill it.

* * * *

Only the mind is quantum enough to know.

* * * *

The life force is not about You; You are but an imaginary story in your own mind.

* * * *

You might be able to waste time if it existed.

* * * *

Pleasure is the absence of pain.

* * * *

Happiness is the absence of sorrow.

* * * *

Whether anything is complicated or simple depends how You view it.

* * * *

Does time create consciousness, or consciousness, time? Is one without the other?

* * * *

Wisdom is the absence of delusion.

* * * *

Do You wear your game face even when there is no one there to watch?

* * * *

True Self is a still mind.

* * * *

Serenity is the absence of dread.

* * * *

How can enough ever be enough until it is enough?

* * * *

Why rush into the future? It will bear its fruit – bitter or sweet – soon enough.

* * * *

And if You have not got it right, what matter?

* * * *

What makes Siddhartha's vanity any superior to Adolf's?

* * * *

Odds are You walk a many-pebbled path.

* * * *

Not what You expected.

* * * *

All actors must one day, one way or another, exit the given stage; what will yours be?

* * * *

Your chief raison d'etre is first and foremost to entertain your Self in whatever fashion most suits You.

* * * *

The Ivory Tower has many calibers.

* * * *

Only history knows.

* * * *

Religion is indeed the opiate of the masses.

* * * *

So sayeth vanity.

* * * *

But for vain reason, what really matters?

* * * *

Heaven is the absence of pain and remorse and guilt.

* * * *

How many long endure those who are not agreeable?

* * * *

When You think about it, the corporal body is really more than little disgusting.

* * * *

Despite all the doors, there is only one exit.

* * * *

How did the mind-boggling become so mundane?

* * * *

Speaking truth to vanity, what's the point?

* * * *

Is anything carved in stone really all that different than the same in sand?

* * * *

Despite all sensory enticements to the contrary, You have always been very much alone.

* * * *

If it ain't there, it ain't there; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Knowledge is a function of time, and time does not exist, ergo …

* * * *

Ignorance finds its own bliss.

* * * *

Imagination is the weaver of continuity, but where is continuity in the eternal moment?

* * * *

Tyranny hath no bounds.

* * * *

Wander existence as if You know nothing.

* * * *

The life that You imagine is but a subjective dream, as real as any cloud.

* * * *

So many spins to suffering.

* * * *

What point clinging to what is no longer here now?

* * * *

The joy of suffering is rarely given its due.

* * * *

Truth is not at all complicated; only the maze of mind makes it seem so.

* * * *

As if it is important.

* * * *

We are all actors, some more talented than others.

* * * *

Like it never happened.

* * * *

What artists of all ilks do for their passion.

* * * *

Yet another of your oh so many strange moments.

* * * *

How are You really any different than any cloud?

* * * *

Doubt what the world spins, not your Self.

* * * *

Where is that loving, benevolent god when You need him?

* * * *

Going through the motions.

* * * *

Now is where all afflictions of mind must pass.

* * * *

The double entendre is always a joy, especially if it goes triple or beyond.

* * * *

To get the world out of your head, simply put it down and forget it for as long as You are able.

* * * *

Taking things for granted is rarely a good idea.

* * * *

Nobody is You.

* * * *

Ceaseless what absurdities groupthink can contrive.

* * * *

The no-mind is the mind that has given itself over to the pure awareness of its Self.

* * * *

How far will most people care about anyone else more than themselves?

* * * *

The world will do just fine without You.

* * * *

Awareness is the only answer there is, and it is not going to give any.

* * * *

The trouble with those seeking power is that it is generally at the expense of others.

* * * *

Yet another dead poet.

* * * *

The absurdities of groupthink are unending.

* * * *

One wonders how many times has God blown out his brains watching the human absurdity.

* * * *

Will rushing to the final destination really get You there any faster?

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the I that declares, “I Am. I Am Not”?

* * * *

Every galaxy, every star, every planet, every rock, every pebble, ever grain of sand, all equally You.

* * * *

Personal power does not require the sanction of any other.

* * * *

Only engineers would think of something that stupid.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the I that asks, “Did I? Did I not?”?

* * * *

In pure awareness, all dissolves into nothingness; the world, the universe, the mind, cease to exist.

* * * *

It is not ultimately real, yet we must pretend it so.

* * * *

Tragedy befalls all sooner or later; often many times.

* * * *

No good deed goes unpunished.

* * * *

Do I smell cookies?

* * * *

Sure smells like cookies.

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same puddle.

* * * *

Grasp the difference between the awareness of awareness, and the idealization of awareness.

* * * *

How many live do not have unhappy endings?

* * * *

The politics of corruption is the knack for selling one’s soul to any and all bidders.

* * * *

Live timeless.

* * * *

Rationality and absurdity are diametric players in the theater of consciousness.

* * * *

Died again today.

* * * *

The knack for standing alone and seeing clearly for yourself is an all too rare feat.

* * * *

Like offering a glass of water to a condemned man.

* * * *

All is forgotten sooner or later.

* * * *

There is no forever, only nowever.

* * * *

The mob has spoken.

* * * *

Yet another layer of absurdity whipping at what little sanity remains.

* * * *

It has to end sometime; whether today or tomorrow is but happenstance.

* * * *

There is no Great Other.

* * * *

Critical thinking is not a skillset for which parrots have much inclination.

* * * *

Rumored to be true.

* * * *

Everything is over before You know it; only the perceptions of imagination remain.

* * * *

Fire away.

* * * *

Yet another distracting mind filler.

* * * *

How much good does it really do having others feel sorry for You?

* * * *

So many projects You never got to.

* * * *

Absurdity abounds.

* * * *

Is that so?

* * * *

Who does not tilt at windmills on one occasion or another?

* * * *

Are You, really?

* * * *

Guilty as charged.

* * * *

Hope dashed on the rocks yet again.

* * * *

Measuring the indivisible is a human pastime.

* * * *

Try as it might, the mind cannot contain eternity; the no-mind is naught but.

* * * *

That was a pretty good revelation, if only You could remember it.

* * * *

You never know what You have got until it is gone.

* * * *

Truth is stranger than fiction.

* * * *

It took You how long to figure that out?

* * * *

Wallowing in self-pity offers little answer.

* * * *

Imagination cavorts about the stage, but quantum physics runs the theater.

* * * *

The first and last delusion is believing You exist.

* * * *

Anonymity is its own reward.

* * * *

Is anything holy, is anything sacred, is anything hallowed, really?

* * * *

There is more to You than meets the eye.

* * * *

Lessons in absurdity.

* * * *

The buffet of existence has its consequences.

* * * *

Life is just as much about choosing what not to do as it is choosing what to do.

* * * *

Nobody can defy gravity for long.

* * * *

The truthful eye can be cloaked by every artifice known to mind.

* * * *

Hubris only gets You as far as its wind blows.

* * * *

Sally on, Brave Knight.

* * * *

Discipline is always challenging.

* * * *

Consciousness is its own trip.

* * * *

Leaders cannot lead people who will not follow.

* * * *

Another lesson to be forgotten.

* * * *

Devil's spawn, Devil's pawn.

* * * *

Get out while the gettin's good.

* * * *

It's a mind-scarred world.

* * * *

Absurd beyond all notions of absurdity.

* * * *

Feeding that brain all the air You can manage makes for a happier mind.

* * * *

The mind wanders so.

* * * *

Infinity hath no bounds.

* * * *

An engaged mind soars in its own thermal.

* * * *

The You that You truly are does not exist; never has, never will.

* * * *

So many remarkable moments, so many torturous moments.

* * * *

That special place in hell.

* * * *

The underlying form, the underlying formless.

* * * *

No boubt adout it.

* * * *

Life is a foggy affair, and only maybe becomes clearer looking back.

* * * *

The agony and ecstasy of word, symbols, images, and such, are many and not far between.

* * * *

How can the now be anything but simultaneous.

* * * *

No history has ever existed.

* * * *

So it goes, so it went.

* * * *

You are a flicker in the Universal Mind.

* * * *

Because they can.

* * * *

It so does not matter.

* * * *

Oh, all the things You never used to think about.

* * * *

So many unfinished projects.

* * * *

Adrift in the time of mind.

* * * *

You play out what your genetic wiring allows.

* * * *

The placebo effect fools us all.

* * * *

Win some, lose some, win more later.

* * * *

It is a mystery; leave it at that.

* * * *

Your little niche.

* * * *

Vulnerability requires the cessation of self-imagery.

* * * *

How quickly the newness fades.

* * * *

The vanity the monkey-mind considers so real and dear is not to any other creature.

* * * *

Ho-hum.

* * * *

It is not a question.

* * * *

Not necessarily in that order.

* * * *

Anonymity is the first line of defense.

* * * *

Just another carnival ride.

* * * *

All things human are functions of vanity.

* * * *

Same old yada yada.

* * * *

When it comes to the mystery, there is no knowing; only the speculation we call knowing.

* * * *

The joys of aging are few and less often.

* * * *

What is the point of contemplation and meditation, of philosophy, but to remove all doubt.

* * * *

You mean You have not thought or said or done that countless times before?

* * * *

The agony and ecstasy of the ebb and flow.

* * * *

There is neither beginning nor ending to the creation-destruction dynamic.

* * * *

You are the mystery that requires no name.

* * * *

There are always consequences; accepting things as they are is the road to inner peace.

* * * *

Not a pretty future for those who have much time left.

* * * *

Only the dead have seen an end to bother.

* * * *

If is a mighty big word.

* * * *

Every moment, a new birth, a new death.

* * * *

If You have been raised in nature, how can anything really touch You?

* * * *

How simple life can be if You embrace the mundane.

* * * *

A mind that is engaged cannot be bored or unhappy.

* * * *

Strategies and tactics are shaped by trial and error.

* * * *

You are Self, absorbed; Self, contained.

* * * *

What are goals and plans but rabbit holes in your dream?

* * * *

One must not fear appearing foolish if one is to discern the greatest and the least are one in the same.

* * * *

What is vanity but the bravado of consciousness.

* * * *

How long is forever?

* * * *

You must live at least a little before You philosophize about it.

* * * *

The timeline is short, and shorter by the day.

* * * *

Neither up nor down, a neutral stance is a balanced, healthy quality of mind.

* * * *

Well played.

* * * *

Accepting any given “The Way It Is,” is life’s greatest challenge.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning are nothing more than concoctions of imagination.

* * * *

Life, take it and leave it.

* * * *

There is no soul; just the same timeless awareness in all things.

* * * *

What is any life but frozen moments of perception.

* * * *

Are all creations born of consciousness inherently flawed?

* * * *

Battling over this opinion or that is such preposterous human fare.

* * * *

Gauging what others think of You comes round to what You think of your imaginary self.

* * * *

All the rationality in the world cannot reverse the inertia of its absurdity and horror.

* * * *

All the memories, all the habits, all the stuff, are the albatross of time.

* * * *

In truth, You have been dying all your life.

* * * *

Human history is about individuals and tribes feeding upon one another.

* * * *

The conditioned mind cannot hear outside its monotonous drone.

* * * *

We are all compost for the dreams to come.

* * * *

Death takes it all away.

* * * *

In the time of consequences, we all pay our pound of flesh.

* * * *

Self-pity is a debilitating taskmaster.

* * * *

Be happy that You are not a machine or computer or some other bother.

* * * *

No matter how a river flows, it is always traveling the path of least resistance.

* * * *

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

* * * *

Despite all efforts and delusions to the contrary, Mother Nature is still in charge.

* * * *

Few of us can see past our own reflection.

* * * *

The awareness does not care one way or another.

* * * *

It is tough being born.

* * * *

Nothing really matters but that we think it so.

* * * *

Is polite society anything more than nasty people pretending they are not?

* * * *

Judge, and ye shall be judged, by yourself.

* * * *

That final step off the plank: who and what and where and when and why and how will it be?

* * * *

Define truth and You have missed its moment.

* * * *

Ignorance and malice have a way of undoing even the best of intentions.

* * * *

Awareness is the only constant in the ever-changing quantum dream.

* * * *

Greed is the cradle of all corruption.

* * * *

The hidden treasure is the awareness of this very eternal moment.

* * * *

If You give others the opportunity to fleece You, how many will not?

* * * *

So many solutions to problems that were never real in the first place.

* * * *

Memory is the perception that this or that happened, but did it, really?

* * * *

The record of perception plays over and over and over, pretending, ever pretending, its reality true.

* * * *

As easy as it is, the habit of thinking is not easily undone.

* * * *

Certain minds, bodies, faces, characters, have an easier time of it than others.

* * * *

Politicians play stupid tit-for-tat games; leaders make pragmatic decisions.

* * * *

The Great Game creates winners and losers, but what are You if You stop playing?

* * * *

Doubt that is quite what Jesus had in mind.

* * * *

You die in the same moment You live.

* * * *

The eternal moment knows neither after nor before.

* * * *

Quantum cannot be without awareness, and awareness cannot see without quantum.

* * * *

The fallacy of myths and legends are never-ending.

* * * *

Flow your tide.

* * * *

No mind is heaven on earth.

* * * *

Happiness is not knowing any better.

* * * *

Connect the dots as rationally and accurately as possible; avoid fallacious intrigue.

* * * *

Good place, bad place, what place?

* * * *

Is there anything wrought of human thinking that is not yet another foray of vanity?

* * * *

Sometimes You remember, sometimes You forget, so it goes.

* * * *

How can You embrace nothing?

* * * *

A penchant for not caring is a handy state of mind.

* * * *

What universe do all the other critters of the universe see?

* * * *

Another day wandering the relativity of consciousness.

* * * *

So vain as to believe we are the only ones; so vain as to believe we are not the only ones.

* * * *

Fantasy is often more enjoyable than reality.

* * * *

And why would most if not all of what You believe matters, matter to anyone but You?

* * * *

There is only one You, cloaked in a near-infinity of guises.

* * * *

All is vanity, vanity is all.

* * * *

What is existence but a menagerie of busy-ness.

* * * *

Why would other dimensions be anything more than alternative amusement parks?

* * * *

Who's to say?

* * * *

Memory is the wellspring of consciousness as dictated by the frame of reference.

* * * *

All beliefs are declarations of delusion, even the belief in nothing.

* * * *

Who says?

* * * *

What meaning and purpose can be attached to that which is timeless?

* * * *

Is there any way not to suffer if You are not content with the austerity of simply breathing?

* * * *

To play in time or eternity, that is the question.

* * * *

If it is peace You seek, You will find it in every breath, in every step.

* * * *

And that truth died, too.

* * * *

The mystery creates the brain, and the brain, the mystery.

* * * *

And that lie died, too.

* * * *

The hell that is rumored to be success

* * * *

Life is rolling through one set after another.

* * * *

Being a human being is not all it is cracked up to be.

* * * *

What pain today?

* * * *

Life is an intoxicating dream, an intoxicating illusion.

* * * *

What is called living is but an imaginary state of mind.

* * * *

It is all pretend.

* * * *

As is true with all things Yodaesque: Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.

* * * *

All principles are subject to the whims of vanity.

* * * *

Obligation to history? Why?

* * * *

Is there any form of government or economic system that does not serve one oligarchy or another?

* * * *

Peace at last.

* * * *

All the more reason just to breathe.

* * * *

Imagination creates heavens and hells, and everything between.

* * * *

One man's sentiment is another's yard sale.

* * * *

Is imagination real? Only to minds lost to delusion.

* * * *

The obvious is obvious to the eyes that see and ears that hear.

* * * *

What human history proves again and again is how gullible human beings can be.

* * * *

The good news is that it is all You, and there is nothing at all You need be or do or prove.

* * * *

It is only the vanity of greed that makes gold and jewels more valuable than sand and clay.

* * * *

Everything You do belongs to a world that You did not create.

* * * *

What effort we put into all our absurdities.

* * * *

So many possibilities, and only one lifetime.

* * * *

The reality is that we are all very much alone in our little universe.

* * * *

Corruption is a human norm.

* * * *

What is the point of yet again discovering that which has been discovered times beyond counting?

* * * *

All translations fall short of the author's intention.

* * * *

So much to say for so little result.

* * * *

History does not care what You did, or for how long.

* * * *

Say it well, write it well.

* * * *

Anything only matters if You let it.

* * * *

To believe one fable is to believe them all; believe none, and peace is the bargain.

* * * *

Nuances that matter not.

* * * *

Greed sows many outcomes, many if not most not pretty.

* * * *

The things we endure for the taste of vanity.

* * * *

We all have very different eyes and ears in our very different worlds.

* * * *

Back to Kansas.

* * * *

To be content in the emptiness, that is nirvana.

* * * *

Was there really ever anything You needed to do?

* * * *

History is a human concoction.

* * * *

All religion preys upon the gullibility of the masses.

* * * *

A truthsayer, except when s/he is lying.

* * * *

Let someone else come up with that decision.

* * * *

Regarding truth, what You want it to be, hope it to be, believe it to be, means diddly-squat.

* * * *

The consequences of bad breathing are many.

* * * *

It is only cheating if You are playing the same game.

* * * *

It is impossible for the mind to sustain two or more simultaneous thoughts.

* * * *

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the fairest in the land?

* * * *

It is only the rare few who have the wit and courage to stand alone and discern the mystery clearly.

* * * *

Trying to alter a true believer's catechism, why bother?

* * * *

Just another thing to be responsible for.

* * * *

There is ultimately no difference between You and anything.

* * * *

Without the willingness to share power, to compromise, no democracy can long stand.

* * * *

Make it count, or not, no difference, really.

* * * *

Why should You feel any obligation to live out a tortured existence? Or a blissful one, for that matter?

* * * *

How to get back to what You as an infant so naturally were, is the journey.

* * * *

You must teach your Self to let go the imaginary mind.

* * * *

It is not yoga if You are still doing it.

* * * *

Just because You do not want to hear something does not mean it is wrong.

* * * *

Entitlement, entitlement, entitlement.

* * * *

There You go again, imagining You exist.

* * * *

Forever is a state of time that does not exist.

* * * *

Thinking is an addictive habit to the juggernaut of imagination.

* * * *

It is imagination that pretends to exist, not You.

* * * *

Truth is not an opinion.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto life.

* * * *

Life is but vague perceptions stored on neuron trails.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto awareness.

* * * *

A smattering will do.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto consciousness.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto imagination.

* * * *

Better to suffer injustice than to inflict it.

* * * *

Nothing linear about it but for an imaginary state of mind.

* * * *

Take the pain.

* * * *

You are on your own.

* * * *

Do You want the truth? Or the Pollyanna version?

* * * *

What is romantic love but emotional propaganda.

* * * *

Few given lives can be easily summarized; irony and paradox do not bundle well.

* * * *

Reality is of no importance but to imagination.

* * * *

If You must believe in something, believe in nothing.

* * * *

To approach the moment with a fresh mind is too easy to imagine.

* * * *

So many limitations to be endured.

* * * *

Imagination is ever bent on clinging to its creation.

* * * *

That’s the rumor.

* * * *

Yet another vain god.

* * * *

Bad news takes no holidays.

* * * *

Who is anyone’s father? Who is anyone’s mother?

* * * *

Moving on, always moving on.

* * * *

Challenging not to allow life distort the spirit.

* * * *

You are lost as long as You believe any story real, especially your own.

* * * *

The seed is dead; long live the seed.

* * * *

There You go, talking to your Self again.

* * * *

Applause is such an empty sound.

* * * *

Death, the constant companion.

* * * *

Another day of wandering the halls of irony and paradox.

* * * *

What to do when You are out of reasons; what to do when all your hungers are empty?

* * * *

Taking the world as it is, is a far simpler path than the wish-it-were-or-it-ought-to-be tracks.

* * * *

The force of habit guides the everyday for all.

* * * *

Life is a collage of undone perceptions.

* * * *

Deny it as some might, everything is always on the table.

* * * *

Just because someone does not want to hear the truth does not make it any less true.

* * * *

The eye of god is the awareness, the timeless stillness, that is neither within nor without.

* * * *

Male and female are but pawns in the great game of natural selection.

* * * *

What is this quantum enterprise but a maze of infinite dreams.

* * * *

Take away the assumptions, and what have You got?

* * * *

Face the truth; de-face the truth.

* * * *

History is the giver and taker of life and death, and all entitlements between.

* * * *

Abide in the unknown, unknowing all You know.

* * * *

What say ye?

* * * *

How is it a sack of gold is given more weight than sand?

* * * *

Such is the fate drawn.

* * * *

What makes your universe any more real than a caterpillar's?

* * * *

What the f*** for!?

* * * *

There is something to be said for not saying too much.

* * * *

Indeed, something will always happen in the labyrinth of mind.

* * * *

Now is as good a time as any to end it.

* * * *

What is it You truly own? What is it that You truly have more than temporary temporal use?

* * * *

Legal is not getting caught.

* * * *

Half-ass measures get half-ass results.

* * * *

How can You forget everything but by giving over to the awareness of the one and only moment.

* * * *

Madness hath wrought its own design.

* * * *

Oblique transparency is the transparency that is not.

* * * *

Where is the point of reference without a body?

* * * *

Yet another dream born of quantum dust.

* * * *

What is death but the end of an imaginary state; what is birth but its beginning.

* * * *

Yet another day of pain and suffering underway.

* * * *

Such is the nature of the dream that the awareness of now passes into the perception of then.

* * * *

You might pick up some shiny bauble today, but will it have the same sheen tomorrow?

* * * *

Everyone has their own cross to bear; You might aid another, but your own needs its time.

* * * *

There is nothing to figure out, there is nothing to do, there is nothing to be.

* * * *

What passion, what thought, of any kind, can ever touch the ever-present moment?

* * * *

Attention belongs to the moment.

* * * *

Of things that matter, there are many; of things that do not, there are far, far more.

* * * *

It is one thing to talk about being the way, the truth, the life; quite another to be it.

* * * *

It was all a dream, an illusion, a hoax, from moment one.

* * * *

Pretty strange thing being alive.

* * * *

Poor You.

* * * *

Finally, a good rest.

* * * *

How little it all matters.

* * * *

Cards, cards, cards, everyone playing whatever card suits their cause.

* * * *

More pathetic by the day.

* * * *

What a web of conspiracy this garden orb hath wrought.

* * * *

Are You sure your sense of time is the same as anyone else's?

* * * *

What is the herd up to today?

* * * *

Do You seek out pain, or it, You?

* * * *

Details, fucking details.

* * * *

At what point did life become a countdown?

* * * *

No, it is not a conspiracy.

* * * *

Love, who needs it?

* * * *

Where's God when You need him?

* * * *

Rest assured, Mother Nature does not give one iota of a hoot what You believe.

* * * *

What good are details to people who will not listen to them?

* * * *

Consciousness is a function of awareness.

* * * *

Which is more arrogant, to realize You are that which is god, or believing You are not?

* * * *

A still mind, a mind given over to awareness, is a timeless mindless mind.

* * * *

One day, death will be the final solution.

* * * *

And they died, too.

* * * *

You are far more vast than imagination can allow.

* * * *

Sometimes You get offed quick; sometimes it is a slow and painful burn.

* * * *

The challenge of growing old is staying young.

* * * *

Toast the moon.

* * * *

Do not misperceive what You imagine your Self to be with what You truly are.

* * * *

What a sweet elixir, revenge.

* * * *

Better luck next time.

* * * *

How many more unnatural selections will Mother Nature allow.

* * * *

Un-impinged by any thought, You are.

* * * *

Jesus unplugged.

* * * *

The limited shelf life is daily more limited.

* * * *

The inny-outy thing is a given; gender roles, however, are a state of mind.

* * * *

And the unquenchable axis of greed and fear and hate ruled.

* * * *

If the day has turned against You, there is no dishonor withdrawing from the field.

* * * *

The insatiable hunger, how it burns.

* * * *

Expand your vision of god to include everything infinitesimal to infinite, including your Self.

* * * *

Underestimation is the worst thing You can give any problem.

* * * *

So much effort for something so effortless.

* * * *

Do You deal with the way You want things to be, or the way they are?

* * * *

Amazing what a bastion for ignorance the world has become.

* * * *

Every day a new normal.

* * * *

All history, as scientifically as it might be sorted, boils down to scholarly speculation and story-telling.

* * * *

Natural selection, quantum selection.

* * * *

Everyone a judge.

* * * *

The end of the line is never far off.

* * * *

Sticks and stones, swords and spears, bullets and bombs, do not choose their targets.

* * * *

In the door, out the door, who knows how many.

* * * *

What's your slant?

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the life given no continuity?

* * * *

Every form has a history, yet where is its beginning, where is its end?

* * * *

What story, what narrative, what chronical is ever truly real?

* * * *

God is just another lie.

* * * *

The art of speculation is a game of smoke and mirrors.

* * * *

What else have You ever been but solitary witness to an inexplicable mystery?

* * * *

You buy cheap, You buy two or three times.

* * * *

And suddenly … another adventure, project, game show, whatever … done.

* * * *

Sweet oblivion, grand oblivion, immaculate oblivion.

* * * *

All perceptions of existence are but a mirage of the quantum mind.

* * * *

Never assume anybody else is bound by your limitations.

* * * *

In the groove.

* * * *

Self-pity is a debilitating state of mind; it serves no pragmatic function.

* * * *

How pollsters and researchers do lover their statistical foreplay.

* * * *

What is anyone's fate but the result of the character the mystery has played.

* * * *

Suicide is meeting the Reaper half-way.

* * * *

There it is.

* * * *

For your art, You do suffer.

* * * *

Anything goes.

* * * *

The point of old age is realizing how absurdly mundane it has always been.

* * * *

You cannot save someone from themselves; You cannot save someone from their fate.

* * * *

May as well ask why live.

* * * *

A leader can only lead where followers will follow.

* * * *

There are no Christs, there are no Buddhas; only middlemen and followers and circus tents.

* * * *

What religions call heaven is the pseudo version.

* * * *

Light is required, sound is required; taste and smell and touch are luxuries.

* * * *

Everybody wants a piece of our wallets, we want it all for free, and a vast no-man's land between.

* * * *

If no moment is distinguishable from another, where’s the mystery?

* * * *

Yet another inevitability of technology.

* * * *

What can You recall of even a moment ago but the vaguest perception?

* * * *

At the indivisible quantum level, what could possibly differentiate one moment from another?

* * * *

You are the quantum matrix; the quantum matrix is You.

* * * *

None of it will matter when the Reaper shows up for the harvest.

* * * *

Dead while living.

* * * *

Never real but that imagination deigns it so.

* * * *

Yet another time capsized.

* * * *

And what great difference do You believe You have really made in this cosmic swirl?

* * * *

Emotion is an unfathomable abyss.

* * * *

One life to live.

* * * *

Closed fist, open hand; closed mind, open mind.

* * * *

Sometimes just a nibble is enough.

* * * *

The endgame is about paying the consequences of the beginning and middle games.

* * * *

Flow like water.

* * * *

Throwing in the towel is always an option.

* * * *

It is not what You do as much as it is what You be.

* * * *

Seeking signs from the heavens usually gets the seeker whatever they are capable of discerning.

* * * *

There it is.

* * * *

Hard to do what does not call You.

* * * *

Yet another torturous endgame.

* * * *

Chances are, it does not really matter, no matter the assertions otherwise.

* * * *

And one day You die; very inconvenient.

* * * *

All of the above.

* * * *

You are an eye of the mystery; what need to believe?

* * * *

How would this universe, your universe, exist without You to witness it?

* * * *

Pandering to fear and absurdity again, are we?

* * * *

Original Sin? Or Original Lie?

* * * *

What would Jesus do? Be anywhere but here saving us, obviously.

* * * *

Most answers, if there is one, are usually lingering about somewhere.

* * * *

Feel the crosshairs.

* * * *

We are all kings and queens, heroes and villains, angels and demons, unto our own universe.

* * * *

Curious that rationality has so lost its way.

* * * *

Being in the moment requires no belief; being in the moment is not capable of belief.

* * * *

So, You think that is some sort of normal, eh?

* * * *

Dogma is the original sin.

* * * *

Talking heads and dittoheads share the commonality of an eerie absurdities.

* * * *

It begins, it ends, every singular moment, again and again.

* * * *

All those numbers that do not mean diddly-squat today, will be even more diddly-squat tomorrow.

* * * *

All that vanity swirling around in your head, and for what, really?

* * * *

Consciousness is the creator of space and time, a quantum dimension born of imagination.

* * * *

So many seek until they find a new game of charades that is but another lie of consciousness.

* * * *

What is to surrender but a dream born of attachment to imaginary notion.

* * * *

A master of nothing travels no path and leaves no trail.

* * * *

Any beginning is always an end; any end, a beginning.

* * * *

What different world it was not so long ago.

* * * *

One moment, if You will.

* * * *

The real test of any captain is when the ship is floundering.

* * * *

Awareness does not care diddly-squat whether or not You give it even one iota of attention.

* * * *

The blame game is rarely played by those who are without sin.

* * * *

Does it all count for something? Only in imagination.

* * * *

All that accumulation, what do You need, really?

* * * *

Getting older is rather annoying.

* * * *

Revenge is one of the greater engines of history, but does not hold a candle to greed.

* * * *

Every man is a pharaoh, and if at all possible, leaves behind a garage filled with treasure.

* * * *

What don't You desperately need now?

* * * *

The life You hoped for … planned for … even expected … well, good luck with that.

* * * *

Tap into the awareness as You would dive into a river, or a plug a lamp into a socket.

* * * *

The mini-death of sleep is good practice for the real thing, and just as easy but for the dying part.

* * * *

Revenge is a two-way thoroughfare.

* * * *

In the timeless, indelible awareness of the one-and-only, ever-present moment, nothing exists.

* * * *

The dream, the imagination, will always draw You back if You allow it.

* * * *

Ignorance is bliss until it runs into an iceberg.

* * * *

Why give credence to what does not match your own observation, your own experience?

* * * *

Who is not hero of their own of their own universe, of their own window of time?

* * * *

A world replete with self-absorbed bottom-feeders

* * * *

A new tack, a new leg, to the dream.

* * * *

It all means nothing but what imagination concocts.

* * * *

What's You addiction?

* * * *

You cannot find what is not there to find.

* * * *

So much entitlement, so much distraction, so easily, so quickly, upended by plagues and wars.

* * * *

Live in whatever ignorance You will, the mystery of awareness equally abides all dreams.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are the spice of imagination.

* * * *

What's your obsession?

* * * *

The mundane is … well … mundane.

* * * *

The joy of god, the sorrow of god, are but imaginary states born of the dream of time.

* * * *

Longing for what was, hoping for what will be, are the suffering in which imagination dwells.

* * * *

You are awareness, the eternal moment, creator and creation, there is no other.

* * * *

All but a dream based on all the attachments to the mortal frame.

* * * *

With but a glance, a cosmos is created.

* * * *

Precedent is a constant player in any future-past.

* * * *

So convenient to have god and devil; praise one, blame the other.

* * * *

In the vagueness of memory, all things are possible.

* * * *

There is no knowing the truth of history; it is all the speculation of storytellers.

* * * *

There You are, playing out your own little charade.

* * * *

The man who suffers is still caught in the web of time, the web of mind.

* * * *

Do You find it, or it, You?

* * * *

Yet another window of vanity.

* * * *

What history does anyone care about most but their own?

* * * *

Yes, You are special, but not in the way You think.

* * * *

How easy it is to use desire and fear, carrot and stick, to tame the sheeple.

* * * *

You are the center of your imaginary universe, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The indefinable that is always being defined.

* * * *

In surrender, grace.

* * * *

What need to conquer a world You have created?

* * * *

Gonna get a lot more wicked before any horizon shows up.

* * * *

The tortures of existence can be many and all too often.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a player.

* * * *

What makes any graven image any more graven than any other graven idea?

* * * *

Yet another day in the mystery theater.

* * * *

Everyone is crazy, even the so-called normal people.

* * * *

It is not out there; it is closer than close can be.

* * * *

It is the same mystery born of awareness that it has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

All idolatry is founded upon the vanity of the idolater.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, exist only in consciousness; they are nothing in the ever-present moment.

* * * *

Everyone has a story, none are easy, many are harsher than others.

* * * *

The human paradigm is an impromptu passion play founded upon imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is it about agony and ecstasy that keeps You coming back from the nirvana of oblivion?

* * * *

Human vanity, leave home without it.

* * * *

That which is never born never dies.

* * * *

Just because You can breed does not mean You must or should.

* * * *

All life is of the same origin, but relatively few ever discern it clearly enough to be freed by it.

* * * *

The lies that time writes are many and often.

* * * *

The names and face change, but the paradigm remains the same.

* * * *

This our globalized modern world is but a house of cards waiting for breezes 'n trembles.

* * * *

The new normal is unfolding its wings.

* * * *

What will You endure before it is over?

* * * *

As awareness witnesses it.

* * * *

Hindsight 2020.

* * * *

There is always something nibbling on You or your pocketbook.

* * * *

Hell is getting a wee bit crowded.

* * * *

The funny thing about tomorrow is that it always shows up today.

* * * *

This is not a test.

* * * *

Diminishing daily.

* * * *

The past is now, the future is now, the now is now.

* * * *

A new level of pathetic.

* * * *

How's your myth going?

* * * *

The progress that is not.

* * * *

You pass through time, and time passes through You.

* * * *

You call that progress!?

* * * *

What is Creation but a wave heading toward its own shore.

* * * *

The road to power and fame and fortune is to be a character that goes where no one else dares.

* * * *

You spin your life as if it is real, but all anyone hears is a story translated through their own.

* * * *

What a monstrously cruel species humans can be.

* * * *

The house of cards is coming down.

* * * *

The new normal.

* * * *

Another day, same old story.

* * * *

Spiritual pride is an arrogance of its own.

* * * *

Analogue or digital, clocks ticking away the time, but the moment ever the same.

* * * *

Be cautious about believing You know things You cannot.

* * * *

Each is center stage in their universe, and a reflection in yours.

* * * *

Vanity is a shallow venue, greed its propellant, Mammon its idol.

* * * *

Face it, your entire existence has been a fabrication of imagination; awareness, cloaked by vanity.

* * * *

When You are pure awareness, what else is there to be?

* * * *

Different time, same moment.

* * * *

Holism is easily lost in the fog of details.

* * * *

Less is not necessarily better; more is not always, either.

* * * *

Science has no bounds, but the caution of common sense.

* * * *

So much history we can barely if ever know.

* * * *

Life is a death sentence.

* * * *

You, assumption.

* * * *

Oh, insidious dust.

* * * *

Do not rely on hope.

* * * *

For his art s/he did suffer.

* * * *

If You cannot handle it anymore, maybe it is time to die.

* * * *

Admit what You see!

* * * *

Read the sign, get in line.

* * * *

The subtlety! The subtlety!

* * * *

Self-pity is a sure road to ruin.

* * * *

All universes are different; all universes are the same.

* * * *

Pay no attention to anyone behind any veil when it comes to discerning the truth for your Self.

* * * *

If You fear death, are You sure You know what it is to live?

* * * *

The way is neither shallow nor deep, neither near nor far, neither here nor there.

* * * *

There is no turning back the tide; there is no fooling death.

* * * *

In less than an instant, this moment too shall be a memory subject to imaginary recollection.

* * * *

You want to know God? Look within, discern the awareness peering out.

* * * *

Life is about adaptation to circumstance.

* * * *

What is done cannot be undone, only celebrated, endured, or forgotten.

* * * *

The craving for more is the bane of contentment.

* * * *

The absolute is without yes or no, this or that; without duality in any way, shape, or form.

* * * *

Worms will eat the flesh; wind will blow the ashes.

* * * *

How can there be different dimensions when all appearances, all attributes, are but illusion?

* * * *

Best to read the instructions, or at least glance at them.

* * * *

Effort cannot unlock the door.

* * * *

The sage's work is never done because it never started.

* * * *

Ripple, wave, tsunami, what difference?

* * * *

Boon or bane, praise or derision, any life plays many stages.

* * * *

For the greedy, nothing is ever enough; for the sage, nothing is ever enough.

* * * *

Why allow others to convince You what You see is not true?

* * * *

That awareness which timelessly peers out is never undone.

* * * *

Live or die? Why should, how could awareness care?

* * * *

So many different ways to indulge the sensory mind.

* * * *

Jesus will save You for ten percent.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold, the mind's discontent is not easily waylaid.

* * * *

Life dissipates and is forgotten, assuming it was even remembered in the first place.

* * * *

What a fraud You are when You pose it real.

* * * *

What is legal is what is not caught.

* * * *

The sage earns no special protection or merit badge for his wise counsel.

* * * *

Clinging to a dream, what torture.

* * * *

Awareness takes on all forms.

* * * *

What is offered herein is priceless beyond all value.

* * * *

Pandemics are just Mother Nature's way to try to eradicate the real cancer on this planet.

* * * *

Imagine a world, a universe, in which You have never been known.

* * * *

He who dies with the biggest pile of gold gets a seat closest to Mammon.

* * * *

Shit is shit, no matter the shade.

* * * *

You are what You think; You are not what You think.

* * * *

You need not do something over and over to know how it tastes.

* * * *

There is no problem that death cannot solve.

* * * *

Fate throws many curves.

* * * *

Whether a mind reared in civilization can ever let it go completely is a “Needs Research” question.

* * * *

After almost a lifetime, You finally figured it out, maybe.

* * * *

Best to be cautious about pretending You really know something.

* * * *

And what do You believe You have accomplished that will matter at all to eternity?

* * * *

You are always at church if You choose to be.

* * * *

Sticks and stones can break your bones, and words are the wind behind them.

* * * *

The man who suffers is the one who clings to mind and body.

* * * *

Pretending You exist again, eh?

* * * *

If You are truly about love, then do it agape, or do not bother at all.

* * * *

He with the most imagination suffers most.

* * * *

It is the mystery that is born again and again and again, not the mind-body identity.

* * * *

Death is the end to experiencing, to wondering, to knowing, to speculating.

* * * *

Imagination's reign will be but a relatively short one.

* * * *

If You truly believed in God and Heaven, would You not be seeking to get there quickly?

* * * *

Feel sorry for the body, not your Self; You are not it, it is not You.

* * * *

Life as we know it is a lot of moments strung together by imagination.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness, of imagination, blow through the sky of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Why trust anyone whose primary directive is getting into your wallet?

* * * *

You are only as free as You allow others to be.

* * * *

How would You like it if what You just did to another happened to You?

* * * *

What a wacko world; why bother with it?

* * * *

The challenge is for doing not to become becoming.

* * * *

Every moment its own universe.

* * * *

What a tragedy to spend one's life seeking the approval of others.

* * * *

Who loves who? Who hates who?

* * * *

Cha-ching!

* * * *

Rehashing your story daily.

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune do not draw the selfless.

* * * *

Unredeemable.

* * * *

Do what amuses You.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are lies; embrace the futility.

* * * *

Forgive yourself if You can.

* * * *

Every time is its own little window of absurdity.

* * * *

Seems like a lot of people still believe that world exists.

* * * *

Good luck with that.

* * * *

A sperm fertilized an egg, and You were given a life sentence.

* * * *

The awareness that let its story go.

* * * *

Life has always been more fair for those who have the gold to back it up.

* * * *

The cosmos that vanity built.

* * * *

Let us count the ways; let us uncount the ways.

* * * *

Just like the hunter waiting for the squirrel to pop its head out.

* * * *

Now erase the story.

* * * *

A state of watchfulness.

* * * *

Change your nature-nurture conditioned programming? Good luck with that.

* * * *

They will get over it.

* * * *

Hopefully, the Reaper does not mind being laughed at.

* * * *

Self-pity is a sure road to perdition

* * * *

Steady as she goes.

* * * *

Alimentary canals surrounded by prattle and notion.

* * * *

Empty as she goes.

* * * *

What is any life but a set of moments strung together by imagination.

* * * *

Everything You hold near and dear will be gone with the last breath.

* * * *

Most are content with a life of distraction.

* * * *

Nothing means nothing.

* * * *

All that fat is going to make the burning pyre scorching hot.

* * * *

Death is starting all over again.

* * * *

Every choice leads to new consequences.

* * * *

Rest assured You fear is always being capitalized on.

* * * *

Small minds can be made by too little intelligence, and too much, as well.

* * * *

Awareness is true Self; imagined self is but imagined self.

* * * *

All stories are just stories, none greater, none lesser, really.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, and that is vanity, too.

* * * *

Holding onto your existence, what for?

* * * *

All as predictable as the breath You are about to take.

* * * *

So, this is where Manifest Destiny gets You.

* * * *

Trial and error, is the brick and mortar of all creation.

* * * *

And what, exactly, is the point of that measurement?

* * * *

There are worse things than death.

* * * *

Where are You when the inner narration ceases?

* * * *

What busy-busy minds the ambitious have.

* * * *

Adulation, who needs it?

* * * *

Where to perch when all the perches are gone.

* * * *

Let go all the stories, including anonymous.

* * * *

The unconditioned mind is as free as it gets.

* * * *

Fair or foul, the Fates have You in their grip.

* * * *

If You go this way …

* * * *

That world is long gone.

* * * *

Did it slip your mind, or the mind slip it?

* * * *

The beginning of the story, the middle of the story, the end of the story, all the same.

* * * *

This is what it takes to wake up.

* * * *

All this inquiry, surely, it is time to erase the story.

* * * *

All that fat is going to make for an inferno on the burning pyre.

* * * *

Imagination is creator and creation.

* * * *

Fabrication that it is, knowledge will always see itself out.

* * * *

The mind without a story is a free mind.

* * * *

What is history but storytellers telling of story makers.

* * * *

It is impossible for awareness to exist.

* * * *

Same pattern, different day.

* * * *

A window of entitlement coming to a close.

* * * *

Resist the herd.

* * * *

Fear rules.

* * * *

The full cup has no more room for fresh brew.

* * * *

Batten down the hatches.

* * * *

Oblivion or bust.

* * * *

Yet another wakeup call with a built-in snooze alarm.

* * * *

How many ways are there to shoot ourselves over and over in both feet?

* * * *

What is a scene but the other enhanced by the many.

* * * *

What is it to You?

* * * *

The body is but the regalia of a dream

* * * *

Every story has a beginning; every story has an ending.

* * * *

What is your excuse?

* * * *

Sometimes there are bigger waves than You can handle.

* * * *

What a different world is created by hysteria.

* * * *

Even the sages can run afoul of pride.

* * * *

Awareness is witness; imagination, the dreamer; quantum, the theater.

* * * *

Imagination can only usurp awareness for as long as the moment allows.

* * * *

What is philosophy but therapy for people whose wit cannot be easily contained.

* * * *

The dream carries on and on until death do You part.

* * * *

Is not your mind kingdom enough?

* * * *

Be your own best friend.

* * * *

We all play our little program for as long as breath allows.

* * * *

Has it ever really been any different?

* * * *

What can be given can be taken away; entitlements are like that.

* * * *

What's your box?

* * * *

Life is in the living and dying of every moment; all else is vanity.

* * * *

Everything means nothing; nothing means nothing.

* * * *

Idolatry from the get-go.

* * * *

Suicide is a choice to pay your ticket before it is due.

* * * *

Anonymity, both within and without, is a blessing.

* * * *

An interactive, impromptu quantum theater.

* * * *

The lie that mind wrote.

* * * *

You will be free when You are dead, with or without a body.

* * * *

Pretending You are not insane is insane.

* * * *

You cannot kill the devil.

* * * *

Still caught in the bounds of limitation?

* * * *

There is no becoming, only being; imagination is the source of all vanity.

* * * *

Which modern day are we talking about?

* * * *

Question the answers, question the questions.

* * * *

Trust your immune system.

* * * *

True is true no matter how true.

* * * *

Is there anything the mob enjoys more than pulling its idols off their pedestals?

* * * *

Anybody who believes they are not crazy is crazy.

* * * *

Every mind concocts a different Jesus.

* * * *

Many a Samaritan offers anonymous aid to strangers s/he will never meet.

* * * *

The more You cling, the more challenging it is to just be.

* * * *

The human condition is founded entirely on imagination.

* * * *

What is knowledge but the futile attempt to be secure in a merciless dream.

* * * *

Thank the gods if You were not born into the curse of power or fortune or fame.

* * * *

Let go all the stories, including your own.

* * * *

Yesterday, that; today, this; tomorrow, who the fuck knows?

* * * *

Why ever need be concerned about impressing or pleasing anyone else?

* * * *

It is just a story.

* * * *

Of truth, nobody really knows, but plenty sure like to yabber on and on.

* * * *

There is no more or less that reality can be; it is what it is.

* * * *

Who can You really know if You do not know your Self?

* * * *

All, alone.

* * * *

What have You ever really known?

* * * *

Same clay, different day.

* * * *

Empty the cache of all memories, all perceptions, all assumptions; free your Self.

* * * *

Discern and root out the other.

* * * *

Back when You were younger and stupider.

* * * *

You are not going to stop stupid people from being stupid.

* * * *

Lies upon lies upon lies.

* * * *

Awareness is the ticket and the ride.

* * * *

Assume nothing and be free.

* * * *

It is a good day to die; tomorrow would be better.

* * * *

What is so interesting about that stage?

* * * *

The mind without attributes is a tranquil pond of awareness.

* * * *

Free your Self.

* * * *

Ugly just got uglier.

* * * *

Nothing is disturbed; nothing is undisturbed.

* * * *

How can any story ever be real?

* * * *

Share and share alike, or take and take alike; You decide.

* * * *

Be ready, it is going to get very ugly.

* * * *

Why weep for the dead? You are among them.

* * * *

You who are about to die, we salute You.

* * * *

Doing not harm is an exceedingly relative perception.

* * * *

Assumptions upon assumptions upon assumptions.

* * * *

Dust become critters, critters become dust.

* * * *

Death is a great problem-solver.

* * * *

Spend that last dime, save the last bullet, borrow a gun.

* * * *

The willy-nilly herd stampedes again.

* * * *

Likely not a good idea to be too arrogant in whatever jungle You endure.

* * * *

Survival of the fittest versus thriving of the inadequate.

* * * *

Within each mind, both lock and key.

* * * *

What You really are, and are not, will always fill whatever balloon is given seed.

* * * *

The mystery staring into a mirror is still a mystery.

* * * *

You are going to spend the rest of your life dying.

* * * *

Pain and suffering have a way of drawing one's attention more readily than pleasure and joy.

* * * *

Those shaping moments are ever sculpting away.

* * * *

Blessed are the dead.

* * * *

Two eyes, two ears, one tongue, one nose, one skin, no mind.

* * * *

Change your mind? Good luck with that.

* * * *

The awareness in times and space; the time and space in awareness.

* * * *

Is there such a thing as being too honest?

* * * *

Awareness is without attributes.

* * * *

Feels like forever.

* * * *

Awareness is neither something nor nothing.

* * * *

What is this modern time but narcissism and hedonism on steroids.

* * * *

Pray for rain.

* * * *

Beyond all description.

* * * *

Exponential everything accelerating on steroids plus-plus.

* * * *

Birth is the beginning, pleasure and pain the process, death the conclusion.

* * * *

Do You really want to open that door?

* * * *

Born ready.

* * * *

Do You really want to close that door?

* * * *

Perhaps someday You will realize what it was like to be that soul You judged with your abuse.

* * * *

Time and space are not without awareness.

* * * *

Making a point in a pointless world.

* * * *

Yet another attempt to put into words what words can never tell.

* * * *

Science that defies nature, that manipulates nature, is not good science.

* * * *

Humankind is wired for narcissism and hedonism.

* * * *

Is time any more than a function of memory cells?

* * * *

Nothing to write home about.

* * * *

Fear works all too well.

* * * *

You mean there is ‘sensible violence’?

* * * *

Cross any line at your own risk.

* * * *

There is nothing more.

* * * *

Just another way to die.

* * * *

Be warned.

* * * *

We all consider our twists and turns normal.

* * * *

Dissolving into oblivion.

* * * *

That is a definite maybe.

* * * *

Damn the Reaper, full speed ahead.

* * * *

Why take life personal?

* * * *

Humble up, Humanity.

* * * *

Like a riptide taking You out to sea.

* * * *

Why make assumptions?

* * * *

Living for what the herd thinks is a well-worn path to perdition.

* * * *

You are superior to what, again?

* * * *

Rationality or delusion, You choose.

* * * *

As if it never happened.

* * * *

The mystery is already over You; time to catch up.

* * * *

Oh boy, oh joy.

* * * *

Be anonymous without; be anonymous within.

* * * *

Assume more intimacy than there is at your own risk.

* * * *

All in a dream, all but a dream.

* * * *

Why torture your Self for so many imaginary reasons?

* * * *

Slathered with vanity.

* * * *

Is it not a wondrous thing to know You are surrounded by so much blissful ignorance.

* * * *

Gaze into the pond, Narcissus, until your vanity swallows You whole.

* * * *

A hard world to ignore; an easy world to judge.

* * * *

Aloneness, embrace it.

* * * *

The delusions of self-interest wander many paths to many dead ends.

* * * *

Be time-free.

* * * *

Easy does it.

* * * *

Pity the young.

* * * *

Less dogma, more being.

* * * *

Sold a bill of goods, and You cannot even remember the transaction.

* * * *

The hunter-gathers of these modern times wander the aisles of Walmart and Amazon.

* * * *

Awareness is awakened in all sentient beings, and at-the-ready in everything else.

* * * *

Nature is the expression; awareness the medium.

* * * *

You really think You are doing something many if not most others are also doing?

* * * *

How can You save what was never more than a dream in the first place?

* * * *

Even nothing does not really matter.

* * * *

If You must name awareness, call it god, or something of that stripe.

* * * *

The trouble with quantum is that it is trouble-free.

* * * *

What point to existence if awareness does not use it to explore the creation to which it is home.

* * * *

Moderation in all things; anything once in a while.

* * * *

What could You possibly do to make it more or less the dreamtime it is, has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

You are only as useful as others perceive.

* * * *

You are the most immaculate You the immaculate mystery could immaculately create.

* * * *

To assert the ant wanders the same universe as the tiger is laughable.

* * * *

Nothing matters but to vain notion.

* * * *

Normal, what does that word, that concept, mean, anyway?

* * * *

Why did You come back?

* * * *

Truth is not what You think; truth is not anything You think.

* * * *

To call it anything is to squander yet another moment.

* * * *

Are You deluding yourself that You are not deluding yourself?

* * * *

The imagination-driven universe awakens to a new day.

* * * *

It is not for You to decide.

* * * *

All beginnings and all ends wrap into one.

* * * *

The never-ending story will never be written for more than a scratch of time.

* * * *

How absolutely amazing is that?

* * * *

Who can hear any claptrap that does not fall in their paradigm?

* * * *

All them piles of gold are going to turn into sand.

* * * *

Yet another talking head believing their yabber really matters.

* * * *

No witness, no history.

* * * *

Surrender now before it is too late.

* * * *

It is only vanity that cares.

* * * *

Will any answer ever satisfy You?

* * * *

Why take nothing personal?

* * * *

Curiosity may have killed the cat, but it only perpetuates You.

* * * *

Original sin is but an imaginary notion born of dogmatic thinking.

* * * *

The freest mind is the one not suffering the contractions of consciousness.

* * * *

Everything is a kaleidoscoping expression of totality.

* * * *

It is only ignorance that binds You.

* * * *

Always a good idea to stay sharp for those moment impossible to anticipate.

* * * *

Waking up every moment to a new universe.

* * * *

Awareness, ever alone amid the swirl of every possible distraction.

* * * *

Awareness is as large as it is small.

* * * *

The wisdom of insecurity, the insecurity of wisdom.

* * * *

Sucking thumb, sucking screen, what difference, really?

* * * *

Is there any end to subtlety?

* * * *

The serenity of the tabula rasa is the state of the mind unborn-undying.

* * * *

Nothing matters only as much as imagination imagines.

* * * *

Now is the only church open every moment.

* * * *

That snowball You are consequencing now was once a snowflake.

* * * *

Vanity aside, what is the point?

* * * *

Now is enough.

* * * *

How can it not be the same mystery no matter how many dimensions You occupy?

* * * *

So many memories washing into the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

Possibilities, imagine them all.

* * * *

What language does not sound like gibberish to the undiscerning ear?

* * * *

Beware the charismatic leader.

* * * *

The Great Monkey-Mind leaves no facet of its crystalline nature unplayed.

* * * *

Not easy to endure, but fascinating to watch.

* * * *

Being stupid has its consequences.

* * * *

Getting old is filled with so many bothers, and no doubt many more just beyond the horizon.

* * * *

We are all supping on the same mystery.

* * * *

A woman has hit her decline when when her laugh becomes a cackle.

* * * *

Do nothing? Or let nothing do You?

* * * *

Check your entitlements.

* * * *

Megalomania can be a magnet to the herd mind.

* * * *

One of those necessary bothers in this our modern world.

* * * *

There is no copyright on truth.

* * * *

The good news is that it will not be your problem much longer.

* * * *

Freedom is having just one detail in mind, and that is whether it is an inhale or exhale.

* * * *

Whatever You believe will tinge whatever You see.

* * * *

Always look back.

* * * *

Ignore the attributes.

* * * *

Bound up in every conceivable concept, we are, we are … And to what end?

* * * *

Watch the children; learn from what they, too, will forget.

* * * *

There is nothing that gives You pleasure that cannot take You down a dark path.

* * * *

It is always a good day to die.

* * * *

The uncorruptible is awaiting its discernment.

* * * *

What prize can there possibly be that will satisfy the insatiable?

* * * *

You are whatever You are least able not to be.

* * * *

Still sucking thumb.

* * * *

The Goldilocks Malady: Too hot, too cold, just right.

* * * *

Rolodexing the day.

* * * *

Time is nothing more than a neurological conception.

* * * *

Gravity deceives You into believing You are not floating in space.

* * * *

To see it all, and want it not, is the greatest freedom.

* * * *

Another day watching humankind go further and further off the rails.

* * * *

Dick Tracy is no longer just a cartoon.

* * * *

What critter – whether winged, finned, hoofed, or fingered – does not hanker for a free meal?

* * * *

All things pass the same.

* * * *

To what are You attached? To what are You not? Likely an ever-changing dynamic.

* * * *

Realization is as full of irony and paradox as anything in siesta mode.

* * * *

Nothing near, nothing far, all the same, right here, right now, for all eternity, mystery that it ever is.

* * * *

Neither happy nor sad, good nor bad, light nor dark, the witness is.

* * * *

We are all blends of history come before.

* * * *

How can there be happiness when more is never enough?

* * * *

Only those lost to absurdity argue or ignore with facts.

* * * *

What a world.

* * * *

Awareness: unborn, undying, indelible, indivisible, absolute.

* * * *

You have to make all the mistakes so You know what they are.

* * * *

Yet still You cling.

* * * *

When was the first beginning; when will be the final end?

* * * *

Yet another auspiciously inauspicious day; perception is all, attitude is all.

* * * *

The undifferentiated state is a state unto its Self.

* * * *

The awareness prior to consciousness is as near as You can be to anything called god.

* * * *

To believe the jungle owes You anything is a first and last error.

* * * *

The price of "success" in this our modern world.

* * * *

Awareness harbors no duality; that is the purview of imagination.

* * * *

Remembered again, forgotten again.

* * * *

If someone wants good friends, they have to be a good friend.

* * * *

Is any myth, any legend, any saga, any parable, any folktale, ever the true story?

* * * *

Existence requires action, but not necessarily all the time; occasional breaks make it tolerable.

* * * *

All the naming means nothing.

* * * *

In anything You can only go as far as the given nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

Whatever it is or is not, You are or are not.

* * * *

The something without which there would be nothing.

* * * *

Hell is other people.

* * * *

Nothing to get, nothing to be, nothing to do.

* * * *

Behavior may be modified, but the essential underlying perceptions ever remain the same.

* * * *

Is faith anything more than another world for delusion?

* * * *

It is a jungle; the tiger takes many forms.

* * * *

How ludicrous to believe any label, any meme, even begins to encapsulate anyone.

* * * *

Consequences and repercussions.

* * * *

Playing the move-up-the-food-chain game can be risky business.

* * * *

The great what is; the great what is not.

* * * *

True philosophy is entirely pointless.

* * * *

Awareness has no identity.

* * * *

You must let go all the words if You wish to drift in emptiness, the solitude of awareness.

* * * *

The lie that history wrote.

* * * *

What is this momentary dream but one kaleidoscoping phase after another.

* * * *

Hypocrisy hath no bounds.

* * * *

Moderate your greed.

* * * *

There is only one first time for anything.

* * * *

Can there ever be any end to the greed machine but extinction?

* * * *

It is interesting studying the world, but ignorance is much more blissful.

* * * *

What a thing it is to grow old; so much bother, so much suffering.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is far beyond far, any reckoning to which consciousness might aspire.

* * * *

How long can forever be if time does not exist?

* * * *

Summed up, there are three personality types: The Givers, The Takers, and The Needy.

* * * *

Never a good idea to fall for your own propaganda.

* * * *

It is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery, and shall ever remain a mystery.

* * * *

Find contentment in the moment.

* * * *

How free of your conditioning can You ever really be?

* * * *

All insane, some more functional than others, that being called normal.

* * * *

Real revolution is not a herd thing.

* * * *

Not easy to embrace oblivion.

* * * *

Awareness is ever the same awareness, no matter how You mine it.

* * * *

No belief is real belief; no faith is real faith.

* * * *

Sneaky does it.

* * * *

A rare few see reality clearly, without effort, and move on at ease with their brief dream.

* * * *

Truth is so pure and simple as to be non-existent.

* * * *

Morons in charge.

* * * *

Maybe for a few moments in another year or three.

* * * *

Consciousness and imagination are different words for the same thing.

* * * *

Is there a happy ending to any life's story?

* * * *

Imagination is the harbor of duality.

* * * *

Life is a brief little outing to which too much attachment only brings grief and suffering.

* * * *

What need for deities and demons?

* * * *

How little control any life form really has over its existence.

* * * *

Loaded words unending.

* * * *

What most call truth, is merely the fog of lies swirling around and about.

* * * *

When does more than enough become too much?

* * * *

Philosophical inquiry is the long and winding journey home.

* * * *

How does dressing like a clown make someone a revolutionary?

* * * *

Why humankind assumes itself the be-all-end-all of the universe is a mystery unto its Self.

* * * *

Oblivion is pretty final.

* * * *

One bleak end or another awaits all.

* * * *

Haters abound.

* * * *

What more can ever truly be more than what is?

* * * *

Awareness harbors no duality.

* * * *

What point to philosophy that does not translate into daily living?

* * * *

Every time a human baby is born, it means a lot of things are going to die.

* * * *

Forget who You think You are.

* * * *

The perfect crime is the one no one ever even suspects happened.

* * * *

No doubt, no worries.

* * * *

What is consciousness but the flurry of its own proportion.

* * * *

Erase all remnants.

* * * *

Absurd assumptions make for absurd dogma.

* * * *

You do not know it does; You do not know it does not.

* * * *

Yet another moment of weakness.

* * * *

It is the same today as it was yesterday as it will be tomorrow.

* * * *

None of it is right here, right now.

* * * *

Why engage with any dualistic notion?

* * * *

The sage evaporates into nothing.

* * * *

Already dead, and do not even know it.

* * * *

Saving someone from themselves? Good luck with that.

* * * *

What is fashion but a lot of vain people pretending they look like more than pigs in makeup.

* * * *

Where is that big dick guy in the sky, anyway?

* * * *

Imagination exists, not You.

* * * *

The student of truth is neither deterred nor deflected by any lie.

* * * *

Recognition is always well after the fact.

* * * *

Trouble never sends a warning.

* * * *

Till your own ground.

* * * *

Ignorance can be troublesome.

* * * *

Yoga is still yoga not matter how much snake oil is slathered on it.

* * * *

How can You ever die if You were never born?

* * * *

It does not matter how right You are if You walk in front of a truck.

* * * *

Outsmarted yourself again, eh?

* * * *

Once upon a time You knew so much, and now so little, a thimble would suffice.

* * * *

What forever can there be to the eternity that is timeless?

* * * *

Nature is the mystery's expression.

* * * *

How long to reach any goal if You count all the steps before the journey even begins?

* * * *

True belief requires no belief; true faith requires no faith.

* * * *

A mind given over to awareness is attuned to conscious breathing.

* * * *

Despite all the macho vanity swirling about it, what gain is there in pain?

* * * *

When it comes to assumptions of free will, the Fates just laugh.

* * * *

Discipline for discipline's sake is a core attribute that never stops giving.

* * * *

Make every mistake so You know what they are.

* * * *

It is all just speculation, it is all just wordplay, until You discover it for your Self.

* * * *

We are born alone, we exist alone, we die alone.

* * * *

Imagination is its own boon; imagination is its own bane.

* * * *

Science can only go so far before philosophy must wrest away the baton.

Breadcrumbs

And if I have not got it right, what matter?

* * * *

When You think about it, the corporal body is really more than a little disgusting.

* * * *

Very unlikely the world is at all interested in my thoughts,
But I set them down just the same, untarnished by criticism.

* * * *

Groupthink not allowed.

* * * *

I've left it for You to find; rotsa ruck.

* * * *

No doubt the rare, dedicated reader will discover many spelling and grammatical errors,
As well as any number of vernacular uses that torment Grammar Nazis without end.
Alas, dictionaries, thesauruses, and spellcheck, can only save me so many times.

* * * *

All the ancestors combined have never seen or done
All the things these times have offered me and myself and I.
What an astonishing thing to have lived so many lives in just one.

* * * *

At some point we will not see each other ever again.

* * * *

Thanks for making it easy not to care.

* * * *

Going through the motions.

* * * *

Didn't feel like waiting.

* * * *

The world will do just fine without me.

* * * *

a.k.a., Peter Pan

* * * *

Am I?

* * * *

Sally on, Brave Knight.

* * * *

As far as death and taxes go, I prefer death.

* * * *

Get out while the gettin's good.

* * * *

All my dire predictions are usually punctuated by: "I'll be glad to be wrong."

* * * *

Oh, all the things I never used to think about.

* * * *

Women, a lot of work for so little return.

* * * *

Doing it different this time.

* * * *

If these many thoughts are to have any duration in the future-past,
It is because I was first and foremost a peasant, a laborer, a "Joe Everyman,"
Before philosophy, the study of existence, the fool's quest, took root.

* * * *

All I need is a phone; don't need for it to be smart.

* * * *

So yawn I anymore cannot.

* * * *

Pretty sure I am already dead.

* * * *

Woren't born in no manger; just an old ranch house in Hughson, Kaliforny.

* * * *

Have always had a penchant for death.

* * * *

Oh dear, I have become a philosopher, haven't I?
We shall have to remedy that someday soon.

* * * *

So much more might have been written had the body not succumbed to its mortal inevitability.

* * * *

Hunger for this world or any other is reaching its end.

* * * *

Putting pen to paper inflicts less bother in minds that would rather not.

* * * *

It is the time of consequences, and I am paying my pound of flesh.

* * * *

Don't share your delusion, sorry; please go annoy someone else.

* * * *

As I work my way closer to River Styx,
Trying to keep a woman content is just not the way
I could anymore be bothered to fritter away time and energy.
Way too Sisyphean a task for this Peter Pan.

* * * *

Very little read or watched or experienced do I more than barely recall.
What a thing it is to slowly decline, to slowly give way to the inevitable.

* * * *

Rest assured that despite the flavor of some of my interests,
No creature, two-legged or otherwise, was harmed or killed.

* * * *

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And whatever that does not deal with makes me a hypocrite, too.

* * * *

A truthsayer, except when I'm lying.

* * * *

Yup, tossing out the baby, too.

* * * *

What is written here is as much as this mind will allow.

* * * *

Another day of wandering the halls of irony and paradox.

* * * *

The keyboard is stage enough; applause is such an empty sound.

* * * *

Did that one, and that one, too.

* * * *

Used to read lots of books during the younger daze.
Now I generally watch movies and documentaries and nostalgic television programs.
Never paid for cable; only catch it rarely in other living rooms.
Alas, so many projects left undone.

* * * *

So weary of pretending to be a human being.
All the vanity, all the greed, all the pain.
But hey, what is a god-man to do?

* * * *

If it is to be read, it will be found and shared; if not, it will be as if it had never been written.

* * * *

Yet another day in the pitter-patter of a busy mind.

* * * *

Now is as good a moment as any to end it.
It is not necessary for me to continue thus,
For to continue would only further wander
That which has already been so often known.
Do not care much about growing old anyway.
Way too much bother for what it is worth.

* * * *

Yet another day of pain and suffering underway.

* * * *

Contemplating the end many moments every day, but still managing to cling like everybody else.

* * * *

I have certainly written humankind off.
As You have no doubt heard me say more than once,
It has been interesting, but I would never do this to my Self again.

* * * *

Sixty-seven is a nice prime number for a departure year.

* * * *

Counting down.

* * * *

Never intended to write all this; it just bubbled up of its own accord.

* * * *

There is very little that interests me about growing old.

* * * *

Materialism has played a big part in my absurdity.

* * * *

I could not live your life; to perchance witness a snippet was enough to get the gist.

* * * *

A long life, so many agonies, so many ecstasies, and a new day underway.

* * * *

I am nearly run out of time,
But have played my piece, left behind my piece,
For those relative few who might chance across and ponder upon it.

* * * *

For my art, I do suffer.

* * * *

How remarkable it has been to have lived through
Both the pinnacle of the human paradigm
And its slide into the great decline.

* * * *

Oblivion, my favorite.

* * * *

So tired of being tired.

* * * *

Have somehow managed to survive my foolishness longer
Than some, if not many, would have ever thought possible.

* * * *

Writing it this way, without the influence of followers or naysayers,
Has left me free to write anything that came to mind,
No matter how inane or implausible.

* * * *

Getting older is rather annoying.

* * * *

My Little Pyramid

* * * *

Spent my life walking away from things I was done with or did not work for me.

* * * *

It has been quite an adventure, many lifetimes rolled into one, eclectic's the word.

* * * *

Dead while living.

* * * *

Disturbed, am I? Yeah, by You.

* * * *

Alas for the book industry that movies and such are more my medium these golden pond daze.
The attention span is no longer sturdy enough to sit for hours and hours of fine literature anymore.

* * * *

Prayer: May have tried it once or twice just to see what it felt like, and the answer was meh.

* * * *

Pain is the teacher, and I am weary of the lesson.

* * * *

Done that … and that, too … and also that.

* * * *

Need I say more? Need I say less? Need I have ever said anything at all?

* * * *

An invalid I have become, I have, I have.

* * * *

I am center stage in my universe, and a reflection in yours.

* * * *

For my art, I did suffer.

* * * *

Napman

* * * *

I, Assumption

* * * *

These are the drugs I have thus far done in my time:
Pharmaceutical: morphine, amphetamine.
Street: marijuana, hashish, psilocybin mushrooms, ecstasy,
lysergic acid diethylamide, peyote, nitrous oxide, methamphetamine, cocaine, opioids.
And store bought: sugar, caffeine, nicotine, in all their nefarious forms.

* * * *

Done gone rogue Buddha.

* * * *

Do I laugh? Do I cry? Do I love? Do I loathe? Do I enjoy? Do I suffer?
Do I Create? Do I preserve? Do I destroy?
What a thing, this fickle mind.

* * * *

Older and older, more and more withered by the day,
I conceal myself in one open or another.
Seen or unseen, what matter?

* * * *

How inexplicable, how curious, how odd,
To have discerned the awareness, indelible source of all.
What an amazing mystery, no answer to be had, were one ever called for.

* * * *

Could cynicism be any darker than what I have herein painted?

* * * *

Along with all the other pains of this mind-body's long and winding sojourn,
A carpal tunnel operation took a disastrous turn by my own hubris.
Was never a fast typist, and am now even painfully worse.
It is what it is, and must be endured as such.
No point wishing it was different.
It is either drive on,
Or a lead infusion of the lethal sort.

* * * *

What I have to offer is priceless beyond all value.

* * * *

When it comes to solutions to problems of great political or economic magnitude,
Any that I might conjure are just as opinionated and arbitrary as everyone else's.

* * * *

Yet another witty ditty waiting for the keyboard.

* * * *

The Ditty Man

* * * *

Oh joy, another thing to be responsible for.

* * * *

Fantasy is much less bother, and makes for better napping.

* * * *

Thoughts to my Self.

* * * *

I refuse to play that game.

* * * *

Have yet to meet a man whose marital bliss I envy.

* * * *

Running out of excuses to wake up in the morning.

* * * *

I be a human being who happened to be born in Kaliforny,
In the Disunited States of America at its height of its delusion and greed,
And never had the acuity nor the craving to get out of Dodge.
Being inside the dronosphere was a big plus.

* * * *

Hopefully, the Reaper does not mind being laughed at.

* * * *

Moving slow but moving.

* * * *

No point to getting old and withered and decrepit as far as I discern it.
Nothing much left that needs to be seen or done in this mind.
The human paradigm is headed toward a harsh end.
No need to experience much more of it.

* * * *

Metropolises, large or small, do not do anything for me anymore.
Just masses of cement, metal, glass, plastic, asphalt, and ceaseless consumption,
Leading nowhere this eye of awareness ever needs to wander again.

* * * *

This poor old body is having trouble handling this Soul anymore.
When they say the young don't know what they've got,
I'm here to testify it be as true as true can be.

* * * *

I have always done whatever until it stopped amusing me.

* * * *

When I cook for myself at this writing, I don't; I graze.

* * * *

Oh, for a quantum-piercing time machine
To watch how the human paradigm plays out.

Will it be as madly dystopian as I imagine?

* * * *

Staying attached in an aloof sort of way.

* * * *

Every mind concocts a different Jesus, and mine died too long ago to bother about.

* * * *

What can I say, nothing interests me.

* * * *

Feel free to go ruin someone else's day, and take your time about it.

* * * *

Had to bother waking up again today.

* * * *

Hey, I didn't ask to be me.

* * * *

Don't know, but I doubt it.

* * * *

So many things I just cannot be bothered to remember anymore.

* * * *

You think You got it rough; I've got to deal with this guy every moment.

* * * *

These writings will go the way all writings, all thoughts go; quietly, without fanfare.

* * * *

That stage does not interest me.

* * * *

Do not even think I am going to look back.

* * * *

Alas that I have been such a disillusionment to so many people
Along the long and winding road that has woven this mind's tapestry.
Such is the destiny of those for whom their cosmos is the first and last pearl.

* * * *

Yummy, another way to die.

* * * *

Had a good time; alas that all come to one end or another.

* * * *

Oh, how I sometimes long for that unadorned Old School time,
Where a pleasurable sense of solitude and tranquility quietly reigned,
And the world with all its endless tangles was far away, only barely important.

* * * *

Please do not hesitate to take your delusion elsewhere.

* * * *

Prayin' for rain.

* * * *

Mowgli in the forest out the back door,
Huck Finn in the Mississippi across the road,
Sisyphus daily pushing the boulder up the mountain,
Johnny Appleseed casting his ruminations across the world,
Sparrowhawk pursuing the shadow across the depths,
Phaedrus journeying down the asphalt pathways,
Paladin have-gun-will-traveling down the trails,
The Joyful Curmudgeon irreverently amused,
Jester Amok unleashing definitive cuisine,
Muad'Dib piercing the spice's secrets,
Bond sipping the shaken-not-stirred,
Joe Everyman wandering all camps,
And Peter Pan in the essence of all.

* * * *

Putting into words what words can never tell.

* * * *

An articulate destiny.

* * * *

Dissolving into oblivion.

* * * *

Eternity's historian.

* * * *

Wrong rock if You are looking for a saint.

* * * *

… Once upon a time I was six …
… And then sixteen … and then 26 … 36 … 46 … 56 …
… And now 66 … perhaps someday 76 … maybe even 86 … or even an improbable 96 …
… What a dream …

* * * *

I am agnostic, I do not know, I do not care.
I have no sense, no discernment that there is a god,
But if there is, it surely includes anything and everything.
Even me, even You.

* * * *

Just asleep enough to write all this.

* * * *

The convenience of being an unknown solo act
Is not having to cater to one herd mentality or another.
There is no freedom in the expectations of political correctness.

* * * *

Why do I keep coming back?

* * * *

It is not for me to decide.

* * * *

How many countless hours have I spent tinkering with this student-of-life wanderfest.
All the reading, writing, talking, typing, editing, programming, sharing.
Yeesch and by golly, what a hobby, what a quixotic pastime.
And to think, time does not even exist as more than a neurological conception.

* * * *

Getting old is filled with so many bothers, and no doubt many more just over the horizon.

* * * *

So many memories washing into the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

I attend the moment; this right-here-right now.
That is my church, 24/7/365, for the rest of mind.
Am so content I can barely lift a finger to do more.

* * * *

My little hobby.

* * * *

Not easy to endure, but fascinating to watch.

* * * *

So wealthy I barely open the wallet to spend more.

* * * *

It is only by the grace of the gods that I am single and chlldless.

* * * *

The good news is that it will not be my problem much longer.

* * * *

Obviously not all that gung-ho about being a cancer cell.

* * * *

I have worked very hard to be this lazy.

* * * *

Truth is so much simpler, so much more austere, than all the multiple-syllable wordplay
That I and others of the same ilk, so meticulously, so legalistically use,
In our relatively pointless philosophical prattle.

* * * *

Full of opinions, same as everyone else, and all just as meaningless.

* * * *

Yet another overbaked dogma.

* * * *

It is the same today as it was yesterday as it will be tomorrow.

* * * *

Born to do nothing.

* * * *

Don’t need it, don’t use it, but like having it, twisted.

* * * *

Too late in the game to have any appreciable impact.

* * * *

Some daze it is hard to remember if it is yesterday or tomorrow.

* * * *

How monotonous to be surrounded by true believers,
Followers, minions, sycophants, groupies, toadies, gofers, hangers-on,
Devotees, disciples, flatterers, adherents, supporters, admirers, enthusiasts, underlings,
Cronies, yes men, fans, acolytes, favorites, optimists, subordinates, slaves,
Fawners, bootlickers, brownnosers, and ass-kissers.
Give me a nitpicking skeptic and a grousing cynic any day.

* * * *

The ditty mind humming away.

* * * *

About as foreign a foreign policy as absurdity allows.

* * * *

Tilling my own ground.

* * * *

It has been interesting studying the world, but ignorance would have been much more blissful.

* * * *

What a thing it is to grow old; so much bother, so much suffering.

* * * *

Yet still I cling.

* * * *

Yup, I'll forget You, too, and You, me, no doubt, no worries.

* * * *

When it comes to getting ample sleep
In this bruised and battered, aging body,
Every night, every day, is its own adventure.

* * * *

None of it is right here, right now.

* * * *

Another ditty written by the hands of time.

* * * *

Joe Everyman.

* * * *

How pleasant to write anything I want, and know few if any will ever read it.

* * * *

Ignorance was bliss.

* * * *

This is what I have to offer, this is my gift; whether or not You accept it is on You.

* * * *

A Christmas Tree is dying to come home with You.

* * * *

I brake for tailgaters.

* * * *

Already dead, and do not even know it.

* * * *

Spent life looking for meaning and purpose until I finally realized there is none.
That the entire human drama and the dreamtime in which it is set,
Is but an illusion, a game rigged for delusion.

* * * *

"How much of it is just the latest snake oil?" he wondered, not for the first time that day.

* * * *

What point to philosophy that does not translate into daily living?

* * * *

The mind of Michael.

* * * *

Th-th-th-that's all folks, until the next round.

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

A Poem for Michael

His goals are few,
with no worries to pursue.
A life well-stirred,
as variety is to stew.
Branching from his native view,
He's learned a thing or two:
How to handle a machine that spews,
Managing a newspaper crew,
How a lens can capture You,
Writing philosophy of the zoo,
Even joined a staff or two,
To teach others what to do.
Now he speaks with a clue,
Of how he's gained his world-view.
There's nothing left to misconstrue,
He's living life impromptu!

Rhonda Allen
Chico, California, 2002

Lyle

As I approached the last wisps of childhood, my best friend, Lyle Bibens, died of leukemia.
He was the oldest of three adopted children by the couple at whose wedding my parents had met.
Our families often spent cordial evenings together in our homes, as well as many vacations,
camping at Seacliff Beach on Monterey Bay along the Northern California coast.
Lyle and I were bonded from the earliest memories by countless adventures,
whose vague memories have been fondly recalled many times in the years since.

It was my first human death.

Out alone on the lawn in front of our ranch house in Hughson about a month later,
the reality of death suddenly dawned on me: I would never see Lyle again.
I wept uncontrollably at the loss of relationship we had so enjoyed.

As the tears dried, without any prompting, I took from his memory the quality I most admired:
His audacity to step into any situation and start conversations with strangers as we wandered about.
For me, who was at that youthful time much more reserved, it was always something of a shock.

This was perhaps the first time, and certainly not the last, that an epiphany twinkling,
a moment of sudden revelation or insight, clearly made itself known,
in the dawning of this philosophical mindset.

The First Koan

Sometime in the very way hazy long ago, cousin Debbie Hunt,
had a boyfriend named Teryl, who was my intro to the Buddhist slant.
At some point, the three of us were hiking Mount Tamalpais in the Bay Area,
and I uttered some comment about how astounding San Francisco Bay must have been,
before Manifest Destiny took root, and things begin their descent into the world I so decry today.
Teryl's Zen-ish response was that it was really the same as it had always been.
It was likely my first koan; one I am still trying to crack.

The Nightmare

Dreams have never been a high priority in this existence,
But there was a recurring one that began back in the years before adolescence.
One in which I felt helplessly, hopelessly, powerlessly trapped beneath a suffocating, bean-like torrent,
Which only ended when I finally realized it was my spirit being conditioned by the world.
It may well have been the first intuition of all that has since transpired.

Manhood

One agreeable day in high school in the junior or senior year,
While chatting casually with a small group of male peers,
it suddenly dawned on me that I needed to learn to become a man.
From that day forward I would take as my own, emulate, as I had from Lyle,
any qualities esteemed from the many as yet unknown men whose paths mine would cross.

The New Tack

I had taken three years of drafting since the freshman year of high school.
My relationship with the hundred-ish peers I had been with since kindergarten,
in the small rural town of Hughson at the center of the Central Valley of California,
was sociable, but relatively aloof, so sitting alone at the drafting table for hours and hours,
with the thought that I might someday become a draftsman, or even architect, was a natural fit.
The drafting room was at the west edge of the campus across from the band room in another building.
One day while working away, listening to the band practicing, I suddenly realized a deep yearning,
to be more sociable, to participate with others and my future in an as yet un-articulable way.
That was my final year of drafting, and a senior year very different from anything,
theretofore experienced in the first twelve years of public education,
and the first of many tacks in the voyage that fostered this.

The Epiphany Voice

The Hughson Union High School Awards Ceremony for the Class of 1972,
was held out on the old football field a few days before graduation.
I was called up seven times for awards of recognition and small scholarships.
Looking out at my applauding classmates as I walked down the steps of the small stage,
the epiphany voice clearly stated in its ethereal way: “Surely, there must be more to life than this.”

Old School Daze

What pleasure I get from playing with language to the best of my moderate ability.
Thank the gods for computers, for word processing and its spelling, thesaurus, and grammar support.
It makes clear the remark the old woman made about there being so many spelling errors,
back when I briefly soloed the Waterford News in the old school daze,
of manual typewriters, erasable paper, and whiteout.
And real cameras and darkrooms, too.
Oh, how I so often long for that simpler time,
Where a pleasant sense of solitude and serenity reigned,
And the world with all its tangles was far away, only barely important.

Commentaries on Living

Sometime during my years at Modesto Junior College, while in the library walking through the stacks,
three small hardback, pastel-colored books leaped into the awareness and drew me like a magnet.
They were the “Commentaries on Living” by Jiddu Krishnamurti, an Indian philosopher.
Checked out the first one, and though it seemed worth reading, it made me sluggish.
So, I fairly soon returned it, and a week later nonchalantly pilfered all three.
It would not be until I had entered the working world a few years later,
that I was finally able to read them without drifting off into drowse mode.
It was the beginning of a lifetime of quixotic exploration, both inner and outer.
Finally, ten or twenty or whatever years later, in a twinge of rarely felt compunction,
I bought paperback versions, and dropped all three into the MJC sidewalk book return box.
Rest assured, that it was a move bemoaned many times since.
Wondering if they are still there …

The Fearful Body

Russ Kalen was one of the more than a few chiropractors through the years,
who spent many sessions trying to put my Humpty-Dumpty body back together again.
I recall him one day stating as he popped something back into place that it would not long stay:
“Mike, I think your body is afraid of You.”

That Voice

I was driving west into the late afternoon sun on my Honda CB350F motorcycle.
It had been a long day with a girlfriend in La Grange where she lived with mother and son.
There were two winding ways to get to Waterford where I lived in a trailer over twenty miles away.
As I came to the deciding fork, the epiphany voice in my weary head clearly said:
"if You go this way, You will be in an accident."
Sure enough, as I came to a corner on Lake Road somewhere east of Turlock Lake,
Fatigue caused me to brake badly and start fishtailing toward some ugly-looking barbed-wire.
It was take it down and risk the asphalt, or tack on and find out what piercing rusty metal could do.
I chose the former and carry the reminders to this day.

Moral of the story: Do not ignore that voice.

My Mother

Something I wrote for my mother on her 94th birthday:

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

What Happened to You?

Many mothers incline to filter their grown-up sons as the ten-year-olds they so long ago were.
How often have we heard ones with mass murderers on death row tearfully declaring their innocence?
After returning from my odyssey, mine became increasingly aware that I was no longer her little boy.
One day, out of some blue, she exclaimed about the man I had become, "What happened to you!?"
"Life," was my answer.

Sure Smells Like Cookies

The first seven years of my childhood,
were spent in a newly-built G.I. Bill three-bedroom home,
on East Pine Street, at the time a twelve-house cul-de-sac in Hughson, California.
There is little to tell of the early years before moving to the 30-acre peach ranch on Hatch Road,
but two anecdotes are standouts, shared years later by Betty Goesch, a neighbor at the corner of 7th and Pine.
The first is that at some point I wandered the block, and turned on who know how many water faucets.
The second was that my mother would take me down to Betty's for a morning coffee klatch.
Betty always brought out cookies and milk, and I must have been somewhat vocal,
about shamelessly asking for them before they were courteously offered,
because Betty says my mother told me I should not ask any more.
My response, according to Betty, was to enter her home,
take a whiff, and announce that it "sure smells like cookies."
Nothing remarkable, nothing extraordinary, but mildly amusing that the,
rascal-rogue-cad-rake-blackguard-scalawag-scoundrel-reprobate-ne'er-do-well nature,
was more than a little evident at such an early and supposedly, purportedly, ostensibly, innocent age.

The Town Crier

Have since those so-long-ago college years, had a penchant for being a town crier of sorts.
A handful of Circle K Club newsletters during the last year of college,
The Waterford News a year or two out of college,
yearbooks for the Oak Grove and Reyn Franca Schools,
and newsletters for foster families while at Creative Alternatives.

The I That I Dream

The I that I dream came into existence in Hughson,
in Stanislaus County, in California, in the United States of America.
Specifically, 37°36′11″N 120°52′1″W of this our Gaia, speck in the Cosmos that it is.
This mind-body is male, Caucasian, American English-speaking, with an all-rounder set of abilities.
It was raised on a small peach farm by decent parents a mile outside a decent rural town.
It was given a generic education that ended with a generic business degree,
followed up a decade later with a generic teaching credential.
It worked a wide variety of occupations in a wide variety of geographies.
It interacted with a wide variety of people and participated in a wide variety of experiences.
At age 36, it began what would evolve into a substantial body of written work.
What a remarkable thing the happenstance of being conceived.
What a remarkable thing all the happenstances that happen along the way.
And as for having free will, well, some claim it true, but these eyes see it a dubious assumption.

The Historian

A history teacher in college one day out of the blue pointed to a few of us and said,
"You are a historian … You are a historian … You are a historian … You are a historian … "
At the time it meant nothing – zipped past the youthful head of innocence, so to speak –
but in the years since, the realization of what he meant has taken unforeseen wings.

Appellations

Appellations by which I may be known,
or much more likely unknown:
Michael Jay Holshouser
Michael J. Holshouser
M. J. Holshouser
M. Holshouser
J. Holshouser
Jay Holshouser
Mike Holshouser
The solo initial: M
The nickname: Holtz
All three initials: M.J.H.
Mike Jay reversed: Yaj Ekim
And an infrequent nom de plume
Using a blend of ancestral favorites:
Andrew James Kurtz, a.k.a., Drew Kurtz

The Button

Sometime back in the early years after college,
as awareness of the world and all its horrors grew daily greater,
I told my mother that if I had a button I could push to wipe away all of humankind,
and give this spinning orb back to all our fellow earthlings, I would push it without a second thought.
But, other than mutually assured nuclear annihilation, there is no button of that sort,
and so, instead, a life of contemplation, and perhaps one day, suicide.
Much simpler to die to the world than push any button,
and that is certainly no simple task, either.

The Special Executive

My sixth grade James Bondian spy organization when I was wearing glasses:
SPECS: The Special Executive for Espionage, Counterintelligence, and Spies.

The Bad Penny

"The Bad Penny," Lee Hoffmann used to call me. Why, I'll never tell.

Definitive v. Tentative

Glynda Lee thought the title should be "A Stillness Before Time,"
but a more definitive "The" has always sounded better to me.

These Many Thoughts

These many thoughts are left for humankind's unfolding reverie,
written by a witness, a seer, who was born in 1953 A.D.
to what duration he cannot at this writing say.
Geographically, it was called Northern California,
during the agricultural-industrial-technological epoch,
of the United States of America, a nation-state,
in what seemed the zenith and early decline,
of civilization as he elected to perceive it.
But history knows many such epochs,
so the accuracy of all predictions in time,
is for future scholars to ponder and pontificate,
as they always have, and undoubtedly, always will.

On Solving Problems

Unlike other interviewees during their initial career quest,
who ardently, breathlessly, mindlessly asserted they "loved" problems,
my youthful comeback was likely more to the point: "I absolutely hate problems."
"So much so that I quash them as soon as they appear on any horizon."
Who got the job? Well, I have had many, and abided most,
for as long as they were tolerably amusing.

The Solitary Existence

The domesticated existence was nothing I ever much cared to do for any great length of time.
Playing house, raising children, living in debt, mowing lawns, dealing with rat dogs,
giving up solitude, missing out on adventures, becoming a couch potato,
trying to please anyone but my Self, held no lasting appeal.

The True Cathedral

To all Christians and other faithful true believers:
While You have paid out ten percent of your hard-earned treasury,
to sit in hard wooden pews, listen to mind-numbing sermons, and sing tedious hymns,
pretending to love people You loathe, fearing a deity who is but an invention of irrational imagination,
idolizing a martyr long dead that You might well detest if he were to actually show up,
I have spent many a Sunday sunrise enjoying long, contemplative wanders,
breathing in and breathing out the one and only true cathedral.

Without History

"Without history, we are nothing," a Merritt Hulst long ago said.
And now, I would say to him, "Even with history, we are nothing."

One Boss in the Field

"There can only be one boss in the field," I remember my father muttering under his breath,
After settling a wrangle with a crew contractor during the peak of some long-ago peach harvest.

Marriage

Had over ten women bring up marriage in this lifetime walkabout. And many if not all of them, would have made good partners, good mothers, good mates, had I been more into playing the domestic life. Was always drawn to more intelligent, rational women; no doubt because my mother was.

French Press

The reason I like making French roast-brewed coffee alone in my little studio man cave, is that I get to enjoy the process of grinding the beans to dust in an aging Krups grinder, stirring the mix in a Frieling French press several times, with the long Frieling measuring-stirring tool, and then swishing the silty brew in my Chubby stainless-steel mug whenever I take a sip. That way I relish the texture of the silt that slips through the two screens, and get whatever caffeine is left unsqueezed. Very Turkish, very quantum.

The Miscalculated Wave

These many thoughts began bubbling out in 1989,
After a head and neck injury invoked by a miscalculated wave,
While boogie boarding with my fifth-sixth grade class in Southern Kaliforny.
It was the finale of a short teaching phase, and the entrée to an assortment of switchbacks,
In the ever-kaleiscoping wanderfest of imagination, in work and recreation and every other whatever,
That has materialized all this whimsical chitter-chatter into this quantum playground.
It has been my way to allow spontaneity to fashion this destiny.

How It Started

After an until-mid-30's adulthood of wandering about in every way life offered, words started coming to mind in 1989, while finishing up the second and last year of teaching fifth-sixth grade at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California. The Stillness Before Time is a random selection of aphorisms, that a book agent in Chico during the early-90's writing period, suggested I put together from the first 300-ish pages that had been transcribed at that point in time. It could have been an entirely different book. See Standouts from the Return to Wonder to get a sense of the different choices that might have been made, or added, if it had been made a longer work.

Dean Evans

One early morning sunrise, soon after arriving in Chico after leaving Oak Grove School 1990-ish, I was sitting at a small table outside the Upper Crust coffee shop in the downtown. It was block away from California State University, Chico, my alma mater as a business major back in the 70's. There was another fellow – tall, lean, long-haired and bearded, deep-voiced, about my age, could have passed for a white Jesus in some movie – sitting on the other side of the doorway. We began chatting at some point – instantly friends for life – and it proved to be a defining moment in this philosophical walkabout. Dean Evans was a high-wire electrician and autodidactic artist, who took to my writings, and ended up being a key catalyst in their gradual journey from scribblings in notebooks, to the digital format that current times allow. Their first entrée into the public sphere was in his two downtown coffee shop art shows. Dean taped several aphorisms, printed up on white typewriter paper, between his paintings. That led to someone connecting me to a local book agent, who was the one who suggested I select the 250-ish aphorisms from the 300 pages that I had digitalized by that point, that would become the first book, and years later, title to The Stillness Before Time website. The book never took off as anything marketable – it was too esoteric for the book agent, as well as any other publishers I have ever contacted – but Dean Evans was instrumental in everything that happened since. His "You are perfect. Pure gold. Brighter than the sun" is part of the flagship book's preface, and "It's a god-eat-god world" forwards the second book, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim. He and I, along with his wife, Linda, and children, Jasper and Rafael, and their community of friends, had many memorable adventures together in the Chico decade, and a number of visits through the post-Chico years thereafter.

From a Back-And-Forth with Len Howard

Along with a moderate ABC education in small rural town Hughson, California, You can also thank Roland Russell for nonchalantly suggesting in early already mind-shaking college: "Mike, why don't You write poetry; it's kind of fun." There was also a brief stint running the Waterford News early out of college, where I quickly learned to always have pen and paper and camera at hand as I wandered through the small-town metropolis and surrounding countryside searching for newsworthy fare. As for any brilliance, as You call it, it seems to be more about being something of a receiving unit, with the discipline to write down most the things that come to mind, along with a certain knack for word association, coupled nicely with an adroitness with word processing, greatly aided by the spellcheck and thesaurus functions. As to whether what I have written will ever be well known, or make any real difference in the future of humankind, or the welfare of the planet and all our fellow earthlings, I have many doubts and no time machine. A little too late to make the difference I would be seeking, anyway. I am afraid we are a little too whacked out at this stage of the game to turn the Titanic a less toxic direction. So, I have come to consider it an enjoyable diversion that fills some of the existential reverie, and am content that a few people in the here and there like yourself find it interesting.

From a Back-and-Forth with Chris Bava

Never met U.G. Krishnamurti, but did read a couple of his books toward the end of my stay teaching at J. Krishnamurti's Oak Grove School in Ojai back in the late 80's. Definitely one of the many wake-up callers. I'd read and listened to J. Krishnamurti for years, but he was dead by the time I got a teaching credential, and going down there was less about him than playing out the teaching game in an interesting environment. Oak Grove was a pleasant experience, but after two years I was done with both it and teaching. Moved up to Chico for a decade, over to Arcata for eight months at Humboldt State, and then back to Creative Alternatives in Stanislaus County.

Rural Living in the California Central Valley

Frugality and austerity have been founding directives in this existence. Have spent the Turlock working and retirement years in a rented studio with a wall air-conditioner unit, that I stopped using several years ago. During winters, I layer up and turn on a small stovetop burner, as necessary. In summers, it is wet t-shirts, the Brenda Athletic Club pool, and Geerbucks – my nearby Starbucks on Geer Road – where I must often layer to stay warm in the AC-chilled lobby. I was raised in this geography, on a small peach ranch, in an old wooden house. All it had was an oil stove and a wall air-conditioner in the hallway. The ranching life in the Central Valley of California was about enduring its version of inclement weather. Whether driving the tractor or grading peaches for hours and hours, I learned to matter-of-factly, without complaint, just take the hot, the cold, the dust, and the peach fuzz. And then there were the tree branches slapping my face, grabbing my glasses, and sometimes, but for martial art-level reactions, almost dragging me off the tractor. Having to wear layers during winter, or be sweaty and dirty in summer, were just facts of life. The cold water of the canal across Hatch Road where we lived, was the after-work treat, and sometimes the bath of the day during harvest There are hotter places and there are colder places, is how I have come to rationalize it.

The Entrée into Manhood

My introduction to manhood began at age seven, when I first began driving the very well-worn Ferguson tractor, the spine of our thirty-acre peach ranch, where I worked alongside my father and grandfather; both mild, unassuming, Depression-steeled, hard-working men. My father said, in his straight-forward manner, “You’re going to hurt yourself, and the best thing I’ve found to do, is to chew off the loose flesh, suck the blood until it stops, and then get back on the tractor.”

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance

For a decade sometime in the twenties and thirties, I read Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance by Robert Pirsig, seven or eight times. And it was never the same book. Not because I had skipped over anything, but because my frame of reference at the time could not see, could not discern, whatever point Pirsig was making. Wisdom is the distillation of experience, and it is never-ending, from the first breath, to the last.

Always Look Twice

Early in the driving career, Francis Noeller, a Hughson farmer and friend to my father,
Said something in passing that has always stuck with me: Always look twice.
Those times when I did not, and should have, were always reminders,
That roads are the jungle trails of these, our modern times.
And one must always be attentive, if the goal is to survive the day.

Rich Man's Life on a Dime

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny's mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

A Martial Inclination

Though I have never been a violent sort – am a happy drunk, so to speak – and have never been in a real fight at this writing, I have always had a casual, autodidactic interest in strategic and tactical thinking. In the younger daze, the second floor of the ranch tank house was my castle fort; armed with dirt clods and a pair of binoculars for keeping a lookout. Was drawn to chess and football in the high school years, and in the college years, some very realistic Avalon Hill and Strategy & Tactics wargaming boardgames. Missed the late Vietnam War by a high number – 273 is etched in memory – in the last draft in 1972. Would have gone without hesitation at that naive age, but looking back, feel very fortunate to have never had to endure the real thing. Experienced it and other wars, vicariously watching who knows how many documentaries and movies, as well as an endless parade of cowboy, underworld, and every variety of shoot-em-up fare. Later in life, I put together a fairly large gun collection for just-in-case self-defense, paper plinking at gun ranges, and shooting squirrels, mostly out in nearby hilly cattle country owned by friends. Got into paintball for a few years, too. And along with guns, I collected lots of swords and knives and sundry other boy toys, as well. Also, a significant library of military theory and history books. Started some aikido and tai chi classes a few times, but did not have the interest to pursue them long. Have generally always avoided conflict by talking things out rationally, walking away, or skirting situations that harbored the potential for violence. Am not necessarily very good at many of these martial things; certainly not as an older man in decline. Just enough to get the gist of the harshness of our planet-of-the-apes paradigm, and lucky to have never had to hurt or kill anyone, so far. But, as Jack Palance famously uttered in the movie, City Slickers, "The day ain't over."

Three Vague Sunday School Memories

Three things I very vaguely remember about the year or three I spent attending,
The old wooden Methodist Church a block away from our East Pine Street home,
Before I chose to stop going at age seven, when we moved out to the peach ranch:
Gazing at a children's version of biblical stories in the basement classroom;
Abraham Clinton being able to turn around his eyeball at church camp;
And the cold baptismal drops sizzling as they hit the top of my head,
Standing on the steep cement steps at the shady rear of the church.
It was not until early college that I ever set my foot in a church again,
And then only because Roland drug me along in his quest for redemption.
Through the adult years I would interact with a variety of friends and preachers,
And would attend a smattering of services and such, but never felt the call to do more.

Lena and Shannon

Lena Frederick, the married girlfriend down in Ojai during the teaching years,
Once called me the least romantic person she had ever met,
And another moment, the least ambitious.
Shoulda-coulda-woulda might have stayed with her.
Or maybe with Shannon, if it had not been for her sociopath son.

Home to Mom

Then there was the passing driver, his eyes and smile twinkling,
At my 'Home to Mom' sign, hitchhiking back from Grand Canyon.

Frugal Roots

I was raised in a very old ranch house, with an oil stove and layers the only heat.
And a stove burner set at low, heats up Studio 101 plenty fine,
When layers and blankets fall short.
Frugal roots on both sides of the genetic divide.

Throw Away the Key

It may matter to You because You are still in the game: I am not, and never will be again.
They can lock me up and throw away the key, for all I care.
The guillotine is okay, too.
Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin' … an oft-used quip.
If I knew I wasn't going to wake up tomorrow morning, I'd go to bed early … another regular.

Mrs. Hoight

"I did it!" I happily declared, as I looked up and saw Mrs. Hoight, my kindergarten teacher,
Looked at me, with the same look, I'm sure I did many years later, during my turns as teacher.

Mr. Przybyła

Looking down at the Nazi Swastika I had carved at the top of wooden desk,
Mr. Przybyła, my fifth grade teacher, asked "Why did You do that?
"I don't know," I answered, and truthfully, do not, still.

Free Phone

And the great state of Kaliforny practically threw a phone at me; free, my favorite four-letter f-word.

The Banyan Seed of Corruption

The early indications of criminality are akin to a Banyan seed cast nonchalantly by a breeze,
Or even a Tootsie Roll, covertly snatched by a young boy from a grocery store shelf,
And too hastily, too greedily, opened in the rear seat of the family station wagon.
The world only saved, at least for a bit, by a mother's ever-constant virtue,
A mumbled apology to the cashier, and plea that a father not be told.
Memo to Self: If You are going to be a thief, be smart about it.

Most Responsible Kid I Have Ever Seen

When we lived on East Pine Street in Hughson, California,
Something before we moved out to the Hatch Road ranch when I was age seven,
A neighbor, an elementary principal in nearby Empire, who had observed me playing alone in the yard,
Exclaimed to my parents, "That is the most responsible kid I have ever seen."
I know better, but it was perhaps true during the early years,
Before the world took me by the scruff,
And taught me better.

A Tale of Two Worlds

From the back seat of my taxi – while I was yabbering away on what topic You might easily presume –
He quite firmly, with a calm voice, said he would have to kill me, if I did not shut up.
He was of Middle Eastern descent; Saudi Arabian, is my recollection.
This was in Chico, California, in the mid to late Nineties.
Before September 11, 2001, Anno Domini.
Hey, no problem, bro, relax, put the box-cutter away.

The Forklift Driver

Although I have enjoyed so many things in this span of dreamtime,
All I ever really 'wanted' to do was be a forklift driver.
The spatial flowing of it, drew the farm boy.
On a forklift, in the field stations I in youth worked,
I was a fighter pilot, flying solo all about the asphalt jungles,
On which my iron horse and I, rallied about, putting order to daily chaos.
Such was my satisfaction, that I once even used vacation time at Creative Alternatives,
To work the peak of a walnut season at Ron Martella's huller on Tully Road in hometown Hughson.
Ten-hour days in California Great Central Valley's late summer often very warm weather.
Every moment absolutely, priceless, in the very-very right-here-right-now of it.
The hardest part was in those rare moments when it slowed down.
And even then, there was always something to do.

The Hanging Life

Hanging in coffee shops and book stores and funky bars has always been a thing.

The Medicine Bag

Have got quite the medicine bag to dip into whenever the mood arises. So much stuff available, and all but legal anymore; the anarchy of these modern times being what it is. I have done plenty of whatever I could get my hands on since going late-bloomer-beyond alcohol and marijuana in 1989, but am not an addictive personality, and can take-it-or-leave-it anything without a twinge. If I was to give into addiction, it would be to sugar, and I do not mean the sweet spot between the upper thighs. Have never messed with crystal meth or PCP or fentanyl, though I might dabble in buzz-level amounts if I found a trusted source. Have all kinds of alcohol at the ready in the home base, too, but with pre-diabetes a hovering reality, a few here and there beers or shots of anything 90-proof is generally the limit, but no day is over until it is over.

Enjoy starting off the occasional day with a micro-dose cocktail, coffee in the Studio 101 patio or Geerbucks, dancing on the keyboard writing and editing the babble, watching online the Planet of the Apes do its thing, and chatting with baristas and whoever wanders by. And then aqua chi, a nap or three, food, and Netflix. Toss in there some food shopping, the occasional medical check-up, a weekly visit with Mom and Sis, and the nutshell is complete. Straight or stoned, this retired life has become a quietly pleasant, minimalist routine. There is just nothing I have desperately got to do in this dreamtime anymore. And in retrospect, there never was. I have always just swung from vine to vine doing the best I can. In order to keep me on board, in order to keep me participating in this droning earthly game, wily imagination has enticed me, allowed me free reign, with an endless stream of philosophical and anecdotal thoughts, to stay in her fold. Don Miguel Ruiz's Mitote – the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind – returns to tabula rasa when knowledge of the world, within and without, is stilled. Simply a matter of setting down the garden fruit plucked so long ago.

And Then There Was the Time …

Eighth grade homeroom teacher, Ruth Rollins, was reading aloud, as she did every day after lunch.
That day it was Robert Heinlein's Tunnel in the Sky, with a plot I cannot now even vaguely remember.
And I, in the front row right in front of her, was reading a copy I had found in the school library.
At first there seemed to a bit of irritation as she became aware of my early mischievousness,
but then, realizing I had become a reader, she half-smiled with that twinkle in her eyes.
Something for which, during this most magical dream, I have ever been grateful,
and years later was fortunate to be able to thank her at birthday party for her sister.

* * * *

I followed a dog across the fields of the small-town high school behind our house.
The old woman who owned the wandering canine called the sheriff.
All I recall is the front door opening to a sea of legs.

* * * *

I suddenly realized my mother could never make all the owies go away.

* * * *

I was meditatively wandering a budding almond orchard during a lunch break,
and suddenly, perception for the first time transformed into the indescribable state.

* * * *

I fell asleep while on walkabout in the nearby hills of La Grange, California,
and awoke inwardly asserting, "I've got it," to what can only be described as a presence.
Got what, it took years to discover, over and over and over again.

* * * *

I was hitchhiking around Europe for a few months,
and while staying with a family in South Wales in the United Kingdom,
I one night awoke with the thought that my father back in California needed to talk to me.
After tossing and turning for a bit, with no let-up on the recurring thought,
I finally got up, called collect, and sure enough, it was true.
Dad had been 'beaming' for me to call,
To see if it might work.

* * * *

Blane Franca, friend and boss, called me a machine compared to other co-workers.

* * * *

I was on an outing to a Southern California beach with my fifth-sixth grade class,
from the Oak Grove School in Ojai, where the second year of teaching was nearing its end.
I had never bodyboarded before, and was not at all prepared for the wave that used the board as a sail,
to quickly slam me headfirst into the smooth sand beneath the crashing turbulence,
and forever altered whatever direction life had thus-far offered.
It was precursor to all these many thoughts.

* * * *

Selena Mitchell wondered aloud what I might have been doing,
when this or that aphorism spontaneously bubbled into consciousness.
“Who knows?” was my tardy quip to that long-ago Chico dinner party moment.
“They just keep on coming and coming, and I diligently tag them,
with neither time nor place nor anecdote.”
Circa Y2K will have to do.

Random Babble

All this random babble has been scribed since leaving a teaching job in Ojai in 1989.
Apologies for all the repetitiveness, but it has been more a journal of whatever sprang into mind,
than any kind of cohesive narrative, or cohesive anything, for that or any other matter.
Basically, it all boils down to this fact: You are the indivisible, timeless mystery,
and for all practical and impractical purposes, You are on You own.
Rotsa ruck, best wishes, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

Breadcrumbs: Life Resume

Breadcrumbs: Life Resume
http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction.html

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The Stillness Before Time
http://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

EDUCATION

Cultural Language Acquisition Development Certificate
Humboldt State University, Arcata

Multiple Subject and Single Subject Social Studies Credentials
University of Pacific, Stockton

Bachelor of Science, Business Administration
California State University, Chico

Associate of Arts, Business
Modesto Junior College

TIMELINE

Turlock - Retired April 1, 2011

Aimless wandering and any general puttering that comes to mind in whatever time is left in the magical mystery tour for this aging sack of flesh and bones.

Santa Cruz – July 2023

Co-Host – Jasmine Garden Oasis Airbnb, Santa Cruz

Turlock - 2000 to 2011

Employee & Foster Care Training Coordinator and RFS Student Transportation –
Residential Care, Foster Family Agency & Reyn Franca School, Creative Alternatives, Turlock and Denair
RFS Coordinator – Reyn Franca School, Denair
FFA Coordinator – Foster Family Certification and Training, Turlock
Administrative Assistant – Creative Alternatives, Turlock –
Foster Parent and Employee Training, FirstAid/CPR Instructor, Advertising, Interim Human Resources Coordinator, Transportation Coordinator, ITFC Program Coordinator, Notary Public, Graphic Arts, Grace Bishop Scholarship Chairman, Christmas Party and Silent Auction Chairman, Special Projects Coordinator
Instructional Aide – Reyn Franca School, Creative Alternatives, Denair
Child Care Worker – Residential Care Homes, Creative Alternatives, Turlock
Technical Support – Sandpiper Technologies, Manteca

Chico - 1990 to 1999

Express Coordinator, Machine Operator, Copy Consultant – Kinko's
Sales, Craft Fair Coordinator – Meraz & Associates
Barista – Starbucks
Security – Grass Valley World Music Festival - Maple Creek Presents
Taxi Driver, Dispatcher – Eagle Taxi
Sales – Christensen Designs, Manteca
Author, Publisher, Website Design – "The Stillness Before Time"
ATM Technician – Wells Fargo Armored Service Corporation
House Restoration – 1111 Oleander Avenue – Lee Hoffmann
Security – Chico World Music Festival - Maple Creek Presents
Security – Shakespeare in the Park - Maple Creek Presents
Clam Shucker, Dishwasher – Annual Bravo Opera Ball - Zephyrs
Auction Aid – Public Estate Auction – Mansfield Auctioneers
Operations, Teacher, Partner – Residential Care – Chico Hedway Programs
Sales, Ferry Harvest Farmers Market – Mountain Fruit Company
Social Security Administration Payee – Patrick Dauwalder
Sales, Stock, Custodial, Inventory – Sierra Stationers
K-12 Substitute Teacher – Butte and Tehama County Schools

Ojai - 1988 to 1990

Morning Bread Baker – Ranch House Restaurant
Housesitting/Caretaking – Various Ojai Homes
Fifth-Sixth Grade Teacher – Oak Grove School
Summer School Director, Bus Driver, Yearbook Advisor, Options Instructor,
Drama Lighting Director – Oak Grove School
Waiter, Host – Franky's Restaurant, Ventura
Arts and Crafts, Trail Riding, Counselor – Gold Arrow Camp, Huntington Lake

Hughson - 1983 to 1988

Fifth Grade Teacher – Hughson Elementary School District

Child Care Worker – Creative Alternatives, Turlock
Assistant Social Worker, Foster Home Program – Creative Alternatives
Photographer – Weddings, Special Events, Portraits – Self-employed
K-12 Substitute Teacher – Stanislaus County Schools
Forklift Operator – Martella Walnut Huller
Publisher, Sales, Layout – La Grange Rodeo Program
Animal Trail Naturalist – Old Oak Ranch, Columbia
Word Processing Instructor – Alpha Com
Editor, Columnist, Photographer, Sales, Layout – Hughson Chronicle
Children's Program – Strawberry Bluegrass Festival, Yosemite
Teaching Aide – Modesto Montessori School
Hired Hand – Roen Ranch Right Fork Cattle Company, Waterford

Los Gatos – 1982

Consultant – California Commission on Violence Prevention, San Jose
Sales – Chanticleer Children's Bookstore

Waterford - 1980 to 1982

K-12 Substitute Teacher – Stanislaus County Schools
Forklift Driver – Martella Walnut Huller, Hughson
Publisher, Sales, Layout – La Grange Rodeo Program
Home Reconstruction & Caretaking – Merritt Hulst

Waterford - 1978 to 1980

Editor, Columnist, Photographer, Sales, Layout – Waterford News
Yearbook Advisor – Waterford Elementary School District
4-H Photography Instructor – Waterford 4-H Club
Sales – Combined Insurance Company, Merced County

Sacramento, Reno – 1977

Department Manager, Home Division – Weinstock's, Sacramento and Reno

College Years – 1972 to 1977

Industrial Specialist, Engineering Branch – Alameda Naval Air Rework Facility
Waiter, Busboy, Dishwasher – Sizzler Steakhouse, Alameda
Swimming Instructor, Lifeguard – Ceres Recreation Department
Forklift Driver, Weigh Station Master, Sample Machine Operator, Bin Tagger
Joan of Arc Field Station, Hughson

The Early Years – 1953 to 1972

Farm Hand – Holshouser & Son (Family Farm), Hughson

SKILLS, HOBBIES, INTERESTS

Writing, problem solving, organizing, systems analysis, marketing, sales, human resource development, training, special events, bookkeeping, computer software, coding, copy machines, automatic teller machines, inventory control, form design, photography, drafting, housesitting, caretaking, general mechanics, bus driving, forklift driving, and other agriculture-related equipment handling.

String figures, knot tying, origami, paper planes, calligraphy, drawing, perceptual activities, military history and technology, trap and target shooting, archery, chess and other board, card, and dice gaming.

Walking, bicycling, swimming, racquetball, gym time, cross-country skiing, backpacking, spelunking, car camping, campfire design, sailing, paintball, four-wheeling, horseback riding, traveling, massage, yoga, macrobiotics, dancing, plants, reading, philosophy, channel surfing, aimless wandering, and general puttering.

Personable, articulate, disciplined, meticulous, punctual, eclectic generalist.

ADDITIONAL STUDIES

Learn to Sail in Four Days – J World Sailing Courses, San Francisco Bay
First Aid/CPR Instructor – American Red Cross, Stanislaus County
Notary Public – California, Stanislaus County
InDesign, Entourage, iPhoto, PageMaker, Photoshop, QuarkXPress, Eudora, Communicator, Palm Desktop, Graphic Converter, ScanWizard, iView MediaPro, PageMill – Creative Alternatives, Turlock
Michael Meade Mythology Workshop – Mosaic Multicultural Foundation, Community Church of Mill Valley
10-Day Vipassana Meditation Course – California Vipassana Center, North Fork
Microsoft Office (Word, Excel, Powerpoint), HTML Web Design – Humboldt State University, Arcata
Windows 98, Netscape, Internet Explorer, Regular and Color Copiers, and other related technologies – Kinko's, Chico
Automated Teller Machines (ATM's) – Wells Fargo Armored, Chico Area
Appleworks, Quicken – Chico Hedway Programs, Chico
Hunter Safety and Self-Defense Firearms Training – Safer Arms, Chico
Inventory Control – Sierra Stationers, Chico
Hand Drumming – California State University, Chico
Joel Kramer Yoga Workshop – Northern California
Macrobiotic Workshop – Macrobiotic Center, Harbin Hot Springs, Middletown
Tri-County Math Project – University of California, Santa Barbara
Bill Martin Language Workshop – California State University, San Jose
Right Side Brain Drawing – California State University, Long Beach
Great Books Leader Training – Junior Great Books, Santa Barbara
Direct Instruction – California State University, Stanislaus, Turlock
How Children Learn – Ottawa University Extension Class, Modesto

A List of Injuries and Strains

1960's and 70's – Tractor driving: lower back, left arm and shoulder; heavy lifting and moving.

1957-ish – Golf club backswing to forehead, and monkey bar fall causing classmate's tooth to cut into top of head.

1967 through 1972 – Broke left eardrum three times, resulting in skin graft to ear drum. This, coupled with driving tractor, forklifts, vehicles with open windows, and sitting too close to a few concert and nightclub speakers, worked together to cause loss of high range sounds.

1969 through 1972 – High school physical education: running, jumping, throwing, wrestling, and other boy stuff. First hemorrhoids because of lack of fiber in diet and the resulting constipation.

1969 through 1975 – High school and Sunday afternoon football; some broken knuckles and a jammed finger joint; two major memories during frosh-soph years in football practice of a block that caused a snap in lower back, and a tackle that caused severe pain to (left or right?) shoulder/collarbone.

1972 to 1977 – Day packs full of college textbooks.

1972 to present – Backpacking, car camping, hitchhiking with a heavy backpack in Europe.

1972 to present – Coffee, alcohol, marijuana.

1972 through 1985 – Forklifting at Joan of Arc field station and Martella's Walnut Huller.

1975 to present – Transient working life with many moves.

1978 – Heavy lifting and moving at Weinstock's.

1975 through 1980 – Two or three solid hits to left jaw.

1980 – Peed blood after prepping on cold day for calf-tying event at La Grange Rodeo.

1980's to present – Two or three bicycle crashes.

1980's – Carrying photography equipment for Waterford News, weddings, special events.

1980 – La Grange Rodeo calf-tying practice strain.

1981 – Motorcycle slide on asphalt on left side in light clothing.

1985 to present – Graveyard shifts and sleep deprivation: Creative Alternatives, bread-baking, Kinko's, taxi driving.

1886 – Bicycle strain on left knee.

1989 – Wave head first into sand.

1989 to present – Gun shooting recoils and archery pulls.

1989 – Falling onto feet while tying down rack on VW van.

1989 to present – Hallucinogens and other drugs.

1990's – Heavy lifting and moving at Sierra Stationers and Kinko's.

1998 – Carpal tunnel syndrome disability from Kinko's.

1999 to present – Bad posture in computer use.

2000's – Heavy lifting and moving at Creative Alternatives.

2000 to present – A couple mild concussions after passing out tightening upper back and neck.

2008-ish – Twice hit in left eye by racquetballs, the second time causing temporary blurriness for several days.

2013-ish – Sidewalk curb slip onto left knee.

2016 – Diving concussion at summer swim party.

2016 – Trigger finger, left middle finger, one cortisone shot in early 2017, operated on in June 2018.

2018 – Right eardrum perforated twice from excessive pressure from chewing too much gum resulted in mild tinnitus.

2020 – Failed carpal tunnel operation on right hand, thumb and two fingers totally numb. Carpal tunnel also getting more challenging in left hand.

2021 – Spinal stenosis in upper back and neck.

2022 – Swollen hands, arthritis and several trigger fingers.

2023 – Dislocated left shoulder doing leg lifts on stationary machine at gym.

2024 – Tweaked left knee doing a quick squat without warming up.

Life, it'll kill ya.

My Back Pages

By Michael Holshouser

A personal preface to Mark Bava's essay – My Back Pages – about growing up as farm boys in the small rural town of Hughson during the 50's and 60's written for the 2007 Centennial:

I was born and raised in the small rural community of Hughson, California, working my way from kindergarten through high school with a little over a hundred peers at all four school sites: Hughson Elementary, Lebright Middle School, Emily J. Ross Junior High, and Hughson Union High School. For the first seven years of my life, our family of four (Horace, Beverly, and a sister, Ann, a little less than two years younger) lived on what was then a cul-de-sac on the east end of Pine Street. When my widowed grandfather, Horace Senior, married Martha Sinclair in 1960 and moved to her place, we moved to the thirty-acre family peach ranch on Hatch Road.

Suddenly, I was a farm boy living in an old wooden ranch house a mile northwest of town, and life changed dramatically. Within a year I was driving an old gray and battered Ferguson TE20 tractor, spring-toothing and putting up and taking down levies; staying up all night irrigating opening and closing gates, listening the water trickle toward the ends of checks with my father; hoeing weeds and pulling suckers off walnut trees interplanted between the peach trees; grading peaches during harvest, and picking up props at day's end; walking rain or shine with my sister to the Mountain View bus stop a quarter mile away; watching three channels of black and white television reruns in the front living room; digging underground tunnel hideaways covered with plywood; shooting birds in the bushes and fish in the canal with a BB gun; climbing trees and frolicking with dogs and cats; exploring an aluminum corrugated shed filled with tools and whatever; wandering the surrounding countryside planted with planted with peaches, walnuts, almonds, and grapes; converting the second floor of the tank house into a fully-stocked-with-dirt-clods fortress keep; driving a Willy's post-World War II civilian jeep on a winding and dusty orchard-wide racetrack with my little dog, Jerry, sitting in the passenger seat; sobbing my eyes out on a hot day digging a shallow grave in the roadside orchard, burying Macho, who had finally chased one too many trucks on the busy Hatch Road; carrying out pitched dirt clod sorties with other farm boys, and playing rousing games of tag with them all summer in the canal just across the road at the Tully Road bridge and upstream falls. It was a Mississippi out the front door, and a jungle out the back one. A blend of Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn and Rudyard Kipling's Mowgli, without a Pap Finn or Shere Khan.

Breadcrumbs: Life Resume
http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_68.html

Breadcrumbs: Photo Gallery
http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_17.html

Ferguson Tractor, Old Commercial
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ELQgEa_JXJQ

Willys Jeep Commercial
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u7Sle8X4EZM

And the thing to realize about all the physicality of those younger years, is that all the pain and bother – all the hot and cold, all the choking dust driving the tractor, all the gnats and itchy peach fuzz grading peaches, all the splinters picking up props, all the cuts and scratches and tears and bruises and crunches and burns handling equipment, and all the tedious long hours of all of the above – is that the discipline to finish a task, the capacity to endure suffering, the ability to one-step-after-another abide a mundane pace, as well as the recognition of the intrinsic relationship with nature, have all played a huge underlying role in the life lived since. Gumption, grit, resilience, stamina, ingenuity, dependability, steadfastness, critical thinking, problem-solving, and can-do-it-will-do-it attitude, are concepts that ring true in this mind. And are significant factors in the evolution of the frame of reference that has sculpted the philosophical-mystical writings that have poured out since 1989.

My Back Pages

By Mark Bava

Fellow Hughson Union High School Class of ’72 alumni, Mark Bava, who also lived on Pine Street, and was also a son of a local farmer, caught Ray Bradbury’s “Dandelion Wine” flavor of it all in an essay he wrote for the Hughson Centennial in 2007.

My Back Pages
https://markbava.blogspot.com/2006/07/writings.html

Mark’s Blog
https://www.blogger.com/profile/04781808645805571682

Dandelion Wine
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dandelion_Wine

Hughson Union High School Class of '72
https://www.facebook.com/Hughson-Union-High-School-Class-of-72-301790023189950/

Hughson Historical Society
http://www.facebook.com/pages/Hughson-Historical-Society/169357353116469

Hughson Union High School
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hughson_Union_High_School

Hughson, California
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hughson,_California

Stanislaus County, California
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stanislaus_County,_California

California
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/California

Mark’s article:

"The boys were chasing the city truck
spraying DDT
It kept the mosquitoes down ...
That stuff won't hurt 'em none
I heard the neighbor lady say …"

James McMurtry
from the song "12 O'clock Whistle"

In the central valley town of Hughson, California, canal swimming was a recognized talent. One could almost become hailed in comparable stature to surfing champions on the coast for their prowess in the water. And just as surfers wore nicknames such as Duke, Woody, or Steamboat, we had ace swimmers with names like Frog, who could stay underwater at length, and were rumored to have performed feats that made local legend such as diving from high bridges, or shooting the most gnarly and dangerous waterfalls. To keep the flow of the water controlled over the downhill grade of the terrain, these waterfalls, or "drops," were built at various stages along the large cement irrigation canals that crisscrossed their way through Central California from upland reservoirs, bringing precious water to the valley farm lands below. The most popular falls and bridges also had their nicknames, like Double Drop, The M, or Russell's, named after the family who lived nearby. These favorite spots would often be magically crowded with guys drinking beer and showing off as girls in bikinis watched on. And just as the surfers cruised the coast to check the waves and action in their favorite bays, we would cruise to see who and what was going on at our favorite swimming spots. Some of the waterfalls were larger than others, and most were forceful enough to drown an expert swimmer unless one knew the currents well. Despite the fact that a number of people who accidently fell in or drove their cars in were drowned every year, we grew up swimming in these canals and prided ourselves in our skill to navigate the rushing waters. But even for us, there were some falls with the fury of Niagara that remained unconquered.

Playing tag was the main pastime, with rules and boundaries conceived in some organic fashion within the unique parameters of a large cement canal, rushing waterfalls, canal banks, and catwalks. Aside from tag, another reckless sport was "shooting the falls," which was daring to see who could go over the falls either head or feet first, or on inner tubes or some other random floating object.

Years later at a Hughson class reunion, a suggestion that some of us go swimming in the canal for nostalgia sake was met incredulously with the fact that no one swims in these canals any longer because it is now recognized that pollutants and pesticides infest these waters, not to mention the liability issues that come into play in today's lawsuit-happy world. It's another bygone era. We took chances then, and no one was sued when kids got seriously injured trying to water ski behind cars or dive off telephone poles into the canal. As far as the pesticides, in the town of Hughson, California, as in the Texas hometown of songwriter James McMurty, on blistering hot summer days we would peddle our bikes behind a cool mist of DDT coming from the back of the "Mosquito Man's" truck whenever he came to town spraying to keep the local mosquito population down. Back then, DDT was recognized as some kind of miracle chemical that was even sprayed on immigrants arriving at Ellis Island to ensure that they didn't bring foreign germs with them into our shining new country. Which was equivalent to believing an advertising slogan at the time that smoking L&M cigarettes was "just what the doctor ordered." And just as McMurty's song suggests, our parents sat outside oblivious, fanning themselves with their evening cocktails in hand gushing, "oh, looooook … awwww, how cuuuute ... kids ... Mosquito Man ..." and would laugh at how adorable we all looked smiling in ecstasy riding along in a cool, wet cloud of pure DDT. From those episodes, I have often stopped to wonder if that is why I have remained free of many viruses now feared. That by all odds, I should have contracted long ago with all my excessive bad habits through the years. Maybe DDT was a miracle drug of some kind.

Hughson was founded in 1907. It was named after Hiram Hughson, who owned much of the land at one time. The Indians had referred to it as "a place of sleep," and it wasn't really much more than a whistle stop along the Santa Fe railroad line. For no apparent reason, its main street is the remarkable width of a four lane freeway, which is absurdly wide for only being seven blocks long. The buildings that lined the street bore facades much like towns of the old west, but of concrete rather than wood. This was the style

of architecture that was typical of California valley towns in the early 20th century, that is now being replaced by the latest architectural contribution to the modern Americana aesthetic: the strip mall.
In 2007 the town will celebrate its centennial. There will be a parade down Main Street, the unveiling of a life size bronze sculpture of a migrant peach picker, and a "bean feed" among other events. Somewhere deep in the nostalgia of this small town was this cherished annual event called The Bean Feed that is being resurrected from the annals of Hughson history that was little more than what its name implies: a town feed of beans and a slice of white bread with butter on a paper plate. But the Bean Feed was a festive occasion. It equaled some of the local harvest parties where a pig would be sacrificed and roasted underground by some distinguished Mexican cooks, pallets of Lucky Lager beer would arrive, mariachi bands would play, and everyone got drunk and danced while us kids tried to sneak off with six-packs of beer.

There was something unique about this small town and the people it produced that is hard to put your finger on. Not that anyone will point out anyone of national importance from there, or a celebrity like neighboring Modesto with its George Lucas who epitomized his town with the movie American Graffiti. But much like the Lucas movie, coming of age in Hughson around that era had a very similar flavor of that which was portrayed that infused its people with a rare down to earth quality that You rarely find in today's neurotic world.

The town on weekend nights was the scene of adolescent youth courting, flirting, getting drunk, and creating general mayhem ... cruising in cars back and forth on Main Street, making U-turn after U-turn at each end and cruising back again, eventually pulling up to others who were parked either along the street or in the dirt parking lot of M & M's Drive-In that took up the whole block at the top of the street. M & M's was our Mel's Drive-In, except occasionally some daring soul would fly into its dirt lot with their car doing wild donuts and "rooster tails," satisfied at creating an enormous cloud of dust.

Across the street, standing side by side were the town's only two bars. One of these bars was frequented by Mexicans, and the other one by whites, and only a "bad ass" dared to go in either one. In valley towns like Hughson, You were either the toughest, had the fastest car, could drink the most, or risked some other dare devil craziness to prove your manhood ... that You were "bad." Fights and town rivalries over sports and anything else were the fashion. There were always "rumbles" between town football teams in school parking lots after the games, and to even be caught cruising in a neighboring town could prove threatening.

On top of that, the town had a bit of its own racial tensions. Despite the demographic breakdown offered by consensus figures, in Hughson it seemed You were either Italian, Portuguese, Mexican, or "Okie." The Italians had come there to be farmers, the Portuguese to be dairymen, and the Okies were those who had poured in from Oklahoma after the Dustbowl to work the fields in classic Woody Guthrie narrative, to be replaced by the Mexicans years later. There was friction between the latter that probably started over jobs. We knew little of the kind of prejudice that was prevalent towards blacks back then, or of the anti-Semitism discussed in WWII history for example. We had no "Afro Americans" in that town. We had mixtures of everything else. All we knew was that "Negros" produced most of the hit records on the charts, and thought to be Jewish was just another religion. But there was this racism between the Okies and the Mexicans and the two town bars frequently erupted in violence on the street outside.

The town was violent, but only to a point. I watched people get in fights, friends get killed racing cars, and saw a policeman lie dying on the street, shot in a thwarted bank robbery attempt of our little town bank that shocked the town to its core. It was still the Old West fifties style to be sure, but we never

locked doors, and the only big robbery we had heard about until then, was when the owner of the Five and Dime was rumored to have previously tried to tunnel into the same bank that was next door. For the most part, the most we feared was getting caught smoking in the school bathroom. Guns were for hunting or shooting mailboxes and stop signs, and they were readily available on our farms but no one could even dream of using one for assault, and certainly not to bring to school or town. It was all fists and feet.

Farming was the industry and peaches were king. The town once held the title of Peach Capital of the World (in cling peaches as Georgia held the title for freestone peaches). The town came alive in the summers as the harvest approached. It was hot, tipping three-figures on the thermometer. We were out of school and working on family farms buzzing in the middle of the season with their smells of Mexican food and sounds of Mexican music filling the air from farmhand cabins. We eagerly waited for when we could sneak away and go swimming in the canals, race cars, or cruise town in the hopes of finding a party or joining the ranks of couples making out on canal banks. On Sundays, neighboring Italian farm families got together following mass for huge meals at long tables with homemade wine and piles of ravioli.

It was a Norman Rockwell portrait of the golden age of postwar bliss. A little ambition would buy the American Dream. Fathers worked and mothers stayed home raising the kids. We had rotary phones, party lines, and operators who knew family names. There were no answering machines to get a message if You weren't home. The latest news was commonly spread word of mouth or through town gossip, and much of that was from Hamilton's Cafe, the community nerve center where farmers convened every morning to discuss their crops over breakfast. Families watched the same TV shows like Bonanza, Leave it to Beaver, Have Gun Will Travel, Twilight Zone, Ed Sullivan, and Combat, a WW2 series showing the last just war our fathers had just won. Our mothers watched Jack La Lane, As the World Turns, and Queen for a Day, which had to be the most politically incorrect thing since Al Jolson wore blackface. We saw Mysterious Island for 10 cents at our local movie theater. Gas was 37 cents a gallon. We could burn piled leaves in our yards. Dry cleaning and milk were delivered to your door, and the town doctor, a man who seemed to know everything, made house calls. It was all the latest in the modern nuclear age with TV trays, kidney shaped tables, and the Space Race.

Teenagers watched American Bandstand and did the Twist. There was some hushed war in Korea that we knew little about. And then came something called the Cuban Missile Crisis, and our town doctor who knew everything proudly built a fully functioning concrete bomb shelter and began rotating stocks of canned goods.

Soon after came the British Invasion and Mod was the fashion. We started watching Laugh In and Walter Cronkite began to talk about another hushed war in a place called Vietnam. Eventually that war began to claim even the lives of children from this town not on any maps that few had even heard of. People started to wonder as we started hearing of protests.

I watched Woodstock at the local drive-in theater as the 1967 Summer of Love arrived in our town in 1969. Marijuana started to replace booze, and we piled in cars to cruise country roads with nicknames like The Crooked Mile to smoke joints safely away from authoritarian eyes with our 8 tracks blaring, listening to the Rolling Stones, Ten Years After, and Led Zeppelin. There were no local police, and we had driven trucks and tractors since the age of 10, and many of us could drive as early as Junior High School. Just as was portrayed in American Graffiti, we lived in our cars, but all of a sudden cruising became slower as we got more stoned.

I tried LSD, listening to Iron Butterfly's "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" over and over on my portable

phonograph. I started wearing fringed jackets, paisley Nehru shirts, suede moccasins, or black Beatle boots, and I watched our town become less violent as people cruising in cars flipped peace signs instead of the finger. Rivalries and fighting stopped, replaced by brotherhood and our attempt at being flower children. As we neared graduation, we began to think about the draft and our options other than following the war blindly. We saw JFK assassinated, followed by Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. We saw civil rights movements and civil disobedience. It was the beginning of the end of the last innocent generation, and I was about to graduate.

Following graduation, our doctor who knew everything took his life, followed by my father, whose increasing bouts of depression from a little-known syndrome called Manic Depression become too chronic for him to bear. With little time to think, the family farm was sold to pay the inheritance taxes, and with what was left, I went off to art school and to see the world, eventually moving to the coast. I never lived here again.

I never grew up. I never had kids. The rare times I have returned were either for a class reunion, a funeral, or a quick sentimental journey down Main Street when passing within proximity on my way somewhere else, and when I did, I sometimes wondered why anyone settled here in the first place. I have been physically, mentally, and spiritually almost everywhere. I've had my picture taken with Jackie and Aristotle Onassis on the island of Capri. I've sunk a ship in the Caribbean, shot the rapids of the Pequari River, been thrown into a dungeon in Bangkok, and made the pilgrimages to Burning Man in the Nevada Desert. I think I've been a puppet, a pauper, a poet, a pawn, and maybe not quite a king, but to this day, no matter where I am, there is a maudlin feeling that comes over me with the end of a summer and the coming of fall. It's hard to shake. It's ingrained in me. It's the feeling of a time when the winds come, and the leaves fall off the peach trees, leaving nothing but bare branches as they go dormant for the cold season ahead. The Mexicans would leave town on their sojourns back home for the winter, and the farm would become a deserted wasteland. The canals would go dry. Everything seemed to go black and white. And with all of this, I would have to face going back to school and wait for spring ... when everything would blossom, the Mexicans would return, the music would begin, and we could go swimming in the canals.

Mark Bava is an event producer, musician and artist now residing in Carmel California.

* My Back Pages - song by Bob Dylan (1964)
"Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now …"

Hughson Celebrates Its Centennial This Weekend

By Jeff Benziger

An article in the Ceres Courier announcing the Hughson Centennial:

Hughson Celebrates Its Centennial This Weekend
https://www.cerescourier.com/news/hughson-celebrates-its-centennial-this-weekend/

September 19, 2007

Hughson turns 100 years old this month and there will be a celebration worthy of a hundred-year wait on Saturday, Sept. 22.

A full day of celebration is being organized by the Hughson Historical Society, the Hughson Centennial Celebration Committee, and the city of Hughson. "A Small Community With A Big Heart" is the guiding theme for the free event, which includes an all-day Main Street fair, that is open to the general public.

Hughson's township was filed in 1907. It didn't become an incorporated city until 1971.

From 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Hughson Avenue will be converted into a fair. Free entertainment will be offered as well as displays of vintage automobiles, tractors and motorcycles. A Dust Bowl Days display will be available as well as commercial booths for shoppers. Food booths will feed the crowd.

A parade at 11 a.m. will pay tribute to Hughson's past and will feature a wide range of antique vehicles including a Wells Fargo stagecoach.

Activities for the children will include a petting zoo, pumpkin maze, jumping bins, kiddie tractor pull, and Centennial Children's Area.

A larger-than-life statue of a peach picker, called "The Harvest" - commissioned by Oakdale artist Betty Saletta - will be unveiled at 4 p.m. on Saturday, Sept. 22 at the corner of Charles and Hughson Avenue. The intersection has recently been rehabilitated into a showcase intersection complete with brick, planters and street furniture. Donors who helped pay for the statue will be recognized on bronze plaques at its base.

Inscribed paving bricks honoring or memorializing family or friends were sold to help raise funds and will be a central part of the Centennial Plaza design.

Hughson was once known for the peaches grown in its fields; hence the harvester was seen as an appropriate tribute.

A time capsule with memorabilia from 2007 will be placed at Centennial Plaza.

"Years ago, Hughson used to have a Tractor Rodeo and free beans so we're going to have that again," said Jean Henley, a member of the Hughson Historical Society.

Free peaches will also be given away.

The Hughson Historical Museum, located in the old Gillette Hotel which was moved from downtown Ceres in 1907, will be open for the day. The museum is located on Hughson Avenue.

A wide range of other food will be available for purchase, as well as centennial DVD's, T-shirts, polo shirts and hats. Shirts and hats may be purchased in advance at Bank of the West in Hughson or at the event.

A limited number of bronze maquettes of "The Harvest" are still available. A portion of the purchase of these 18-inch versions of the finished sculpture goes to the Hughson Historical Society.

Funeral Playlist

Agnus Dei [The Scarlet Letter]
6:15
Samuel Barber
Cinema Choral Classics

Be Here Now
6:25
Ray LaMontagne
Till the Sun Turns Black

Classical Gas
3:06
Mason Williams
Phonograph Record

For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her [Live]
2:22
Simon & Garfunkel
The Best Of Simon & Garfunkel

From Russia With Love Theme
2:52
John Barry
More Music To Spy By

Gloomy Sunday
3:48
Sarah Brightman
La Luna

Goldfinger
3:03
John Barry
Music To Spy By

Heart Of Gold
3:07
Neil Young
Decade [Disc 2]

I Am A Rock
2:52
Simon & Garfunkel
The Best Of Simon & Garfunkel

The James Bond Theme
2:14
John Arnold
The Best of Bond … James Bond

James Bond Theme
2:00
John Barry Orchestra
Spy Magazine Presents Spy Music, Volume 1

Jerusalem
2:35
Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
Classics, Vol. 1

Lara's Theme from "Doctor Zhivago"
5:48
Erich Kunzel & The Cincinnati Pops Orchestra
Hollywood's Greatest Hits Volume 1

The Little Drummer Boy
3:15
Henry Mancini
A Merry Mancini Christmas

Love Theme From Romeo & Juliet
2:36
Henry Mancini
Collection

Lucky Man
4:41
Emerson, Lake & Palmer
Best Of Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Minstrel Of the Dawn
3:28
Gordon Lightfoot
Gord's Gold

The Mystic's Dream
7:43
Loreena McKennitt
The Mask and Mirror

Old Man
3:24
Neil Young
Three

On the Road To Find Out
5:08
Cat Stevens
Tea for the Tillerman

Over The Rainbow
3:32
Israel Kamakawiwo'ole
Alone In IZ World

Prologue
2:13
John Williams
Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone

Watermark
2:24
Enya
Watermark

Silent Night
3:47
Enya
The Christmas EP

The Sounds Of Hatari
6:47
Henry Mancini
Pink Panther And Other Hits

Stairway To Heaven
8:03
Led Zeppelin
Led Zeppelin IV (1994 Remaster)

Stupid (Worakls Remix)
7:02
N.T.O. Stupid (Remixes) - EP

Tapestry
3:14
Carole King
Tapestry

Thunderball Theme
2:18
John Barry
More Music To Spy By

Variations On The Kanon By Pachelbel
5:23
George Winston
December

007 Theme
3:01
John Barry
Music To Spy By

The Wind
1:42
Cat Stevens
Teaser and the Firecat

Young Girl's Funeral
0:42
Rachel Portman
The Cider House Rules

Any Other Name
4:06
Thomas Newman
American Beauty

Cleopatra in New York
4:32
Nickodemus
Cleopatra in New York

The Promise
4:19
Michael Nyman
The Piano

The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly
2:38
Ennio Morricone
The Good, the Bad and the Ugly: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

My (Not Quite) Haiku

A collection of 'not quite' haiku inspired by Bart Marshall's "One Hundred Two Haiku" from his book "Verses Regarding True Nature."

Verses Regarding True Nature
https://versesregardingtruenaturemarshall.blogspot.com

One Hundred Two Haiku
https://onehundredtwohaikumarshall.blogspot.com

More from Wikipedia on Haiku and other poetry genrres that originated in Japan. In the 17th century, two masters arose who elevated haikai and gave it a new popularity. They were Matsuo Bashō (1644–1694) and Uejima Onitsura (1661–1738). Haiku was given its current name by the Japanese writer Masaoka Shiki at the end of the 19th century.

Haiku
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haiku

Translations of Ancient Writings by Bart Marshall

Ashtavakra Gita
http://theashtavakra.blogspot.com/

Tao Te Ching
http://theperennialway-taoteching.blogspot.com/

Bhagavad Gita
https://bhagavadgitamarshall.blogspot.com/

Yoga Sutras
http://yogasutrasbypatanjali.blogspot.com/

Dhammapada
http://buddhasdhammapada.blogspot.com/

The Book of Ecclesiastes
https://21ecclesiastesmarshall.blogspot.com

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Hot coffee on lips and tongue,
steams the glasses, too.
I draw another sip.

A garbage truck roars
down the rutted street,
Its wake swirling spring dust.

Strolling down the sidewalk,
An oblivious youth passes a landscaper
intently mowing a strip of lawn.

In my patio, typing away,
A lone dove quietly feeds on seed
Scattered maybe an hour ago.

Ninos said I should give him something.
A dilemma, until I finally found something
He didn't already have.

John Williams in my ears.
A soundtrack to the universe
dancing and prancing all about.

On good and moderate days, I agape all things.
On an ill-tempered day, well,
let us not go there.

You want my love?
Then You must share it
with the rest of the mystery.

When was it I stopped crying?
When I saw the universe
for the dream it is.

This moment
is all I could ever imagine
letting go.

Three joggers pass by,
minding the social distancing
marking this modern time.

Drifting down the river of time,
I wonder at its mystery
And the falls ahead.

Can any cloud be more dark
than the stoical cynicism I bear
towards the dream dancing in my mind?

Sometimes I laugh hard and long.
Whether with or at,
I'm not telling.

The mailman cometh.
Netflix, bills, and all sorts of throwaways.
Santa Claus in blue.

The universe is an ever-mutating show of quantum design
How it came to this, how it continues on,
Only fools imagine knowing.

What is there to transcend,
When the moment from which awareness peers,
Is every figment You could yearn to be.

A long life.
So many agonies, so many ecstasies.
A new day underway.

At the sink, eyes closed,
I brush well-worn teeth.
What an immensity, that chasm.

Water, transcendent source of life …
… vapor … liquid … solid … back and forth with such ease.
Too boggling for words.

A lifetime wandering the stage.
A lifetime full of adventures.
Not much longer now.

Love and friendship.
Hate and animosity.
Such tenuous intrigues.

Hands barely working, always painful.
Most everything else in a more gradual decline.
So far.

Adrift in the ether of awareness;
Consciousness swirling around and about.
No destination known.

Had I known what I know today,
Would have only made for another trail of discovery
In the helter-skelter of dreamtime.

Needs no longer an issue,
I delved into wants, and found them wanting.
And so was born a philosopher.

Walking the sandy beaches,
Waves lapping and crashing upon the shoals,
Toes feel the sea beckoning me home.

Left alone, I am my own device.
What need for any other?
I am rock, I am island, unto Self.

The flies … the flies … the flies …
Whiz about … anywhere, everywhere …
The swatter can't keep up.

A world filled with stuff
Of every conceivable make and model,
And more to come.

Polarization at every turn.
Imagination … the combustion of consciousness …
Locked in ceaseless struggle for survival.

Sugar … sugar … sugar … in every form and fancy.
A daily routine for addicts who waddle
From binge to binge.

I imagine,
Therefore, I imagine I am.
And the recording plays on and on and on …

Mother Nature, in all her combustion.
Has not yet hit upon a way to eradicate the human cancer.
She'll take another stab at it tomorrow.

When it comes to this Grand Mystery,
Why would anybody believe, trust, imagine, accept,
Anyone else truly knows any more than they?

All this stuff, piles in every nook and cranny.
Who else would even free want it,
When they already have so much of their own.

An agnostic mind, knowing it knows nothing,
Freely wanders, anonymously wanders, serenely wanders,
Though the madness of a delusional illusion.

How clouds do wander the sky.
Here and there, so oblivious, so unaware, so unmindful,
Of that moment in which all genesis abides.

I putter, therefore I think I am.
But what am I, but awareness locked in a vat of flesh and bones,
Witnessing a figment of imagination wandering an illusory matrix of space and time.

Alone again, naturally.
The world, the cosmos, naught but a mind-body dream.
Just the way I likes it.

An illusory matrix, chock-full of vain dreams of becoming.
But what more can any truly be,
But the way it is, right here, right now.

How tiring, how wearing, some people become.
Some more quickly than others.
Curious how often they show up.

Some daze just grate unmercifully on the nerves.
Nothing goes right, the mind-body is askew.
What a curious thing to be born.

Lying in the darkness between sheets
I patiently await the oblivion,
the little death of this night's slumber.

Older than the stars, younger than the moment,
unborn, undying, I am, I Am,
in the once upon a time.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

The Vague Perceptions of Existence

Any given life is filled with so many adventures, so many misadventures.
All vague perceptions that never happened the way they are remembered.

Explore and Discern

No one can teach You what is true.
You must explore it alone, discern it alone.
Awareness is all, and timelessly awaits your presence.

The Nothing More-Less-But of Imagination

There are indeed many classes, many grades, many calibers, of imagination,
But all are nonetheless imagination, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Whose Hand is Better Suited?

Why wait for the Fates to decide your end by some other foul hand?
Whose hand is better suited for your own departure than your own?

Going to Be v. What They Might Do

Rather than asking children what they are going to be when they grow up,
Would it not be more accurate to ask them what they think they might do?

All Things Imaginable

Time is a creation of the human mind.
The timeless moment is all there is.
All meaning and purpose is illusion.
Only the mind moves the clock's hands.
Only the mind travels the calendar's pages.
Only the mind measures all things imaginable.
Only the mind imagines its world, its universe, real.

What Need for Dogma?

Espousing any religion only proves again and again,
How far humankind has drifted from its origin.
What need does nature have for dogma?

One Exit

If there is an original sin, a dubious concept from the get-go,
It is the choiceless happenstance, the cosmic spin of the quantum roulette wheel, of being born.
You did not ask to be here; You are not required to stay here.
There is only one exit.

The Darwinian Purity

The natural world operates at a level of Darwinian purity,
That the human species long ago stopped giving exclusive attention.
A garden still very much present, to which only the relative few discern access.

The Drivel of Meaning and Purpose

All religion, all spirituality, all philosophy, is nothing more than the drivel,
That individuals and groups incessantly drone on and on and on about,
To give their tawdry existence meaning and purpose where there is none.
Massive pillars of hooey-balooey absurdity to occupy otherwise empty minds.

Already Forgotten

Chances are, You are already all but forgotten by most everybody,
You have ever called lover, friend, acquaintance, stranger, or foe.

Naught But Imagination

Imagination is the creator of everything.
The cosmic universe, the world.
All things sentient, all things inanimate.
All cultures, all languages, all deities, all dogmas.
All histories, all sciences, all mathematics, all music, all art.
All industries, all technologies, all measurements, all space, all time.
Every illusion, every vanity, every everything, under any and every given sun.
All nothing more than the ceaseless vagaries and variations of no-stone-unturn imagination.

One Anchorage v. Many

In the ever-evolving human paradigm,
With its thus-far ever-snowballing population,
And seemingly interminable propensity for tool-making,
There has been a steady shift from generalization to specialization,
From individuals who are capable in every diversity of field and activity.
With robust arrays of knowledge and ability on a variety of subjects, useful or not,
To one where industry and expertise are ever divvied up for efficiency's exalted objectives.
The specialist narrows down his worldview to fulfill his work, his calling, his genius.
The generalist, the jack-of-all-trades, sails many oceans, wanders many ports,
Witnessing and appreciating the talents of those tied to one anchorage.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Buddhism v. Buddhahood

Buddhism can be shared, taught, practiced,
But Buddhahood, that is altogether another matter.
Something no mind bound to time can grasp.

The Muddle of Genetic Heritage

Large brain, imagination, sense of self,
Opposable thumbs, arms, legs, larynx, lungs, cooling system,
Ability to manipulate the environment and fabricate tools, tribalism, superstition,
Has made us what we are, keeps us what we are.

Ever Grappling

There is no God, no deity on-high, only awareness.
All deities are the imaginary creations of human consciousness,
Ever fruitlessly, absurdly grappling with the unknowable.

The Unleashed Eye

The inner eye of awareness witnesses indivisibly,
Allowing consciousness to wander willy-nilly,
And the illusion gyrate into the anarchy and absurdity,
Of every variety of narcissism and hedonism, vanity and avarice,
And the seemingly countless irrevocable, often harsh judgments, they inspire.

A Divisive Stew

Political persuasions are formed in the black-and-white-versus-gray of the given wiring.
Spawned by nature, given wind by nurture, they play out in every way across the board.
‘Tis the double-double-toil-and-trouble of opposing dynamics cooking the stew divisive.

The No-Mind Walkabout

The agonies and ecstasies of the human epoch are beyond counting,
And the tranquil mind has little to offer in the way of repair,
But to meander about with impassive steadfastness,
Giving it no mind as time and mood allow.

The Nature of Old Age

What is old age, but another day of reviewing one's dream,
With all its aches and pains and woes, and worldly travails.

Nature's Immaculate Nature

Chances are, if You scratch deep enough,
There will be a rational explanation for everything.
The immaculate nature of Nature is incapable of anything else.

The Watchtower of Science

Science is the never-ending exploration of nature in all its grandeur.
Any conclusion that is not open to question sullies the primary directive.
Despite the fact that existence is but illusion, that it is naught but a dream,
Science offers the most reliable, accurate watchtower, imagination can offer.

The Carrots and Sticks of Religion

Heavens and hells, of all religions, across all times and geographies,
Are nothing more than carrot and stick manipulation,
Of ignorance, in all its susceptibility.

What is History?

What is history?
My story, your story, his story. her story, their story, our story, the story.
All nothing more than imagination larking about in each and every mind.

What a Mystery!

The quantum cosmos within.
The quantum cosmos without.
All the same, what a mystery.

The Absurdity of Duality

Positing a god or gods, a creation, a cosmos, a mystery,
That does not include the You, that You truly are,
Is absurdity beyond all notions of absurdity.

The Fiction of History

History has never existed as more than a fiction of imagination.
It is but a shadow given reality in the vanity of human consciousness,
Ever since its evolutionary ascension in the primal jungles long before time.

A Mirage in the Ethereal Abyss

Awareness is the ethereal abyss of the eternal moment,
In which quantum earth, quantum water, quantum fire, quantum wind,
Play out the mirage of existence in every imaginable form.

Nature: Creator, Destroyer

Nature, whether You love it or hate it or ignore it, is always there,
Timelessly creating and destroying your world, your cosmos, and You.

Why Pretend?

Why pretend, why make-believe, why fantasize, why feign, You know,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, all this is happening,
When You do not, when You cannot.
It is a mystery.
Leave it, weave it, at that.

The Contrails of Imagination

So much suffering, and for what, really,
But the unwavering mirages of vanity and avarice,
The delusions of narcissism and hedonism.
The contrails of imaginary notion.

To Which Are You Predisposed?

There is the rational response.
There is the passionate response.
To which are You predisposed?

The Domestication! The Domestication!

No matter how wild You are, if You are hungry, cold, lonely, weak, sick,
You will likely capitulate, You will likely tame yourself, to a giving hand.

The Nature of Every Culture

Every culture has a history, every culture has a narrative.
Every culture makes every conceivable-feasible effort,
To manipulate the future into its enduring likeness.

Lighten Up! Lighten Up!

Take a good inward look at how seriously You take yourself and your world.
It is not at all unlikely You need to both figuratively and literally lighten up.

Awareness v. Imagination

You cannot distinguish this awareness, You cannot be this awareness,
If/when You are attached to anything born of imagination.
It is a very timeless realization of the sentience,
That permeates the all and none.

The Genesis of Choice

There are no teachers, no coaches, no masters.
It is You who chooses to school yourself.
It is You who chooses to learn, or not to learn.
It is You who chooses to study, to observe, to realize.
It is You who chooses to put together an imaginary cosmos.
It is You who creates the frame of reference in which You will abide.

An Imaginary Prison

You are in an imaginary prison of your own making,
Until You clearly perceive the relativity of consciousness,
And the absoluteness of the awareness, through which it wanders.

Carrots and Sticks

Many if not all, do not easily tolerate things with which they disagree,
Or do things for which they have little disposition.
Ergo, carrots and sticks.

Imperfection in a Sea of Perfection

You are as perfect as quantum's indivisible mystery,
And as imperfect as humankind's divisible mundane.

The Endpoint

The endpoint of the philosophical quest,
Is the realization that there is no meaning and purpose,
Other than what the moment offers, other than what the moment calls for.
It is the futile therapy of fools, seeking a greater, that is not.

The Secular Notions of Imagination

Detach the timeless awareness from the time-bound mind-body consciousness,
And who are You, what are You, where are You, why are You, how are You?
The You, the world, the cosmos, are but secular notions born of imagination.

Imagination's Evolutionary Context

All sense of self is but imaginary notion born of an evolutionary context.
Awareness, ever-present, without frames or boundaries, is the only reality.

The Decline! The Decline!

Growing old so often becomes more about decrying declining health,
And reminiscing the wonders of that youthful vigor,
Than anything deemed present.

In the Ever-Present Awareness

In the ever-present awareness:
Who is the me, the myself, the I?
What is the me, the myself, the I?
Where is the me, the myself, the I?
When is the me, the myself, the I?
Why is the me, the myself, the I?
How is the me, the myself, the I?

Best Not Be Too Attached

Best not be too attached to that finite body-mind.
It is ever-changing and eventually falls away,
No matter what You do to keep it going.

Discerning the Timeless Insecurity

The challenge is renouncing the sorrow of consciousness, for the quietude of awareness.
In transcending attachment to the mundane-secular-time-bound world,
For the timeless insecurity of immaculate awareness.

The Blueprint Seed

The mind-body is the result of a seed, a blueprint, ever-changing since life's creation.
The You that You really are, the You that You really are not,
Has never been what You think.

The Golden Rule is All You Need

Matters of conscience generally so vary with circumstance,
That it may well be more than rarely worth giving great credence.
The karmic undertone of the Golden Rule is surely enough:
Do unto others as You would have them do unto You.
Mindfulness is the means to a serene existence.

On Being Open to Change

Never hesitate to change the way You habitually do something.
Amazing how often a different approach, a different strategy, a different tactic,
Can attain better results, or at least validate the one in play.

A Common Fabrication

Every culture that has ever existed has had its deities and demons,
All nothing more than the fabrications of imagination,
None more-or-less real than any other.

History's Invention

History is the invention of whatever mind deems rumored events worth remembering,
And wielding the narrative it discerns, into an amalgamation that never really happened.

The Mind-Body Identity

The identity You pretend, is only as capable of functioning,
As the given mind-body, the awareness You truly are, inhabits.

Of Beginnings and Ends, Causes and Effects

It is the essence of the one and only spaceless-timeless moment,
That the beginnings of all ends, are the ends of all beginnings.
That all causes become all effects, and all effects become all causes.
That what is called reality, is but an ever-kaleidoscoping sensory illusion.

Life, Awareness, Consciousness, Imagination

You are the mystery come unto life.
You are the mystery come unto awareness.
You are the mystery come unto consciousness.
You are the mystery come unto imagination.

Filling the Abyss

There You so many narcissistic, hedonistic moments are,
Still trying to fill the abyss, still trying to become something.
Things that imagination can never more than pretend to achieve.

Negating the Concoctions

Negation is simply clearly realizing the pure awareness that You actually are,
Is none of the many concoctions of the wily imagination born of mind,
And letting them all go, and becoming inwardly, very, very still.

A Fiction of Imagination

The ephemeral dream of consciousness is without tangibility,
Without meaning or purpose, without beginning or conclusion.
Any given existence is nothing more than a fiction of imagination.

This Singular Moment

You did not exist a moment ago, nor will You a moment hence.
This singular moment is the one and only spaceless-timeless now.

Every Moment Appearing and Disappearing

Rest easy in the forebrain, where all dreaming appears and disappears, each-and-every moment.
Where, from nothingness, imagination weaves its reverie of space and time,
In the thunder and lightning of the neuron trails.

A Witness to the Mystery

You appear but a smidgeon of the cosmos,
Yet without You to witness it, it would not, could not be.
It is an inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery, born of imagination,
In which observer and observed are interminably intertwined,
In the all-pervading, unborn-undying awareness,
Prior to all plays of consciousness.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

Chances are, once You sell or trade something, or give or throw it away,
That You will rarely, at best, ever think upon it again.
Out of sight, out of mind.

The Spectrum of Human Vanity

What is human existence, but a spectrum of love and hate,
With an array of different shades of like and dislike between.

The Compensation of Existence

What is it, persuades such longing for a lengthy existence, full of pain and suffering,
When so many monotonous and marginal and pitiless moments, are the compensation?
What is ecstasy, but the absence of the myriad agonies, the mind-body so easily bestows?

Inventions of the Imaginary Mind

Language, mathematics, music, are all inventions of the imaginary mind born of illusion.
They sashay through eternity's ether like the smoke of all things earth, water, air, fire.
They persevere for only as long as imagination maintains its holographic universe.

Why is Heaven on Earth Not Enough?

How is it that the eternal moment is not enough for You?
How is it that You always want more than heaven can offer?

Of the Oligarchy, by the Oligarchy, for the Oligarchy

In any of history's free-for-alls for democracy,
When has government of the people, by the people, for the people,
Really ever not been government of the oligarchy, by the oligarchy, for the oligarchy?

What Need for Identity?

What is this need to delineate an identity?
Words cannot even begin to approach the sovereignty,
Of the eternal awareness You every moment truly are, and are not.

The Ascetic Life

The more You know, the more You must forget.
The more You possess, the more You must abandon.
The ascetic existence is inclined to simplicity and freedom.

The Limits of an Analog Creation

How can that which is but a temporal fabrication of analog creation,
Ever fully comprehend, fully surrender, to that timelessness which is prior?
A maddening and pointless exercise, to which only doubters are drawn.

Standing Alone, Standing Sovereign

What is sanity, what is insanity,
But all the standards of any given culture,
Asserting this or that, is or is not acceptable behavior.
Standing alone, standing sovereign, is not for the meek of spirit.

The Transcendent Awareness

Through all agonies, through all ecstasies,
The awareness is ever the same.
It chooses no sides, it chooses no modes.
All states of consciousness are equally transcended.

The Unimaginable Self

For the awareness, that is the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent witness, to stand alone,
The consciousness of imagined little self, must surrender to the stillness which is absolute.

An Ocean of All

How can You, who are the unborn-undying awareness,
Not be the witness within and without every seed ever born,
Across the vast ever-and-ever of all quantum creation?
Not a string of separate lives, but an ocean of all.

Always the Same

No matter how many ways,
You add or subtract or multiply or divide or whatever the moment,
It is always the same.

You Are Source, Source Is You

Awareness, consciousness, perception, memory, imagination, are one in the same, the same in one.
The cosmos is nothing more than the happenchance of quantum selection since the mystery's origin.
To suppose some separate creator creating it all, is to misconstrue the fact that it is all very much You.
Not a point to be taken in some proud, vainglorious, narcissistic way, but one to be discerned,
As the way it truly is, the way it has always truly been, the way will ever truly be.
You are source, source is You, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The Given Moment

The given second, the given minute, the given hour,
The given day, the given week, the given month, the given year,
The given decade, the given century, the given millennium, the given epoch,
All played out, in the same given awareness, of the same given moment.

The Dilemma of Stuff

The dilemma of stuff, is how much time and effort and resources it can take,
To purchase it, use it, maintain it, clean it, dust it, repair it, organize it, store it,
Protect it, insure it, use it, sell it, give it away, throw it away, and whatever else it.
Generally enjoyable for a time, but sooner or later, something of an albatross.

The Narratives of Time

There is no history, only historians.
There is no translation, only translators.
There are no Christs, there are no Buddhas,
Only middlemen and followers and circus tents.

Of Ethics in Warfare

Ethics in warfare is rooted in complete and utter absurdity.
If You are steadfastly resolved on annihilating an individual or group,
Why should-could-would it possibly matter how You do it?
Dead is dead, no matter the ways and means.

The Limitations of Speculation

Knowledge is perception recalling.
All futures are but hollow speculation.
Speculation does not count as knowledge.
It utilizes knowledge to predict possibilities,
But it can never transcend the timeless moment.

The Hallowed Fact

To say it is all You, is not some vain reckoning, but a most hallowed fact,
To which only the most discerning, the most immaculate minds, are privy.

Dreams Are Dreams Are Dreams

Waking dreams, sleeping dreams, what difference, really?
Both are fictions of consciousness, of imagination,
Of minds born of illusory quantum theater.

The Idolatry of Imaginary Notion

Any god or gods born of imaginary notion are false, meaningless idols,
Whose chief function is to feed the narcissism of the individual,
And the collective in which the individual participates.

Creator, Preserver, Destroyer

The ever-changing eternal moment.
Sometimes it creates, sometimes it preserves, sometimes it destroys.
There is no knowing what will come next.

The Ebb and Flow

A good day is washed away by a bad one.
A bad day is washed away by a good one.
Ebbing and flowing, always ebbing, flowing.

The Bene Gesserit Playbook

How many women are only interested in a man's youthful wildness,
For as long as it takes to reign him in for their own domestic purpose?

The Pigeonhole Persona

How many people pigeonhole everyone and everything,
Rather than view it all as freshly as the moment allows?

The Original Moment

Are You sure what You think happened, actually happened?
And then are You sure what actually happened, actually happened?
What story, what narrative, what description, what account, what chronicle,
Can ever be as real, can ever be as true, as the original moment?

The Only Real Meaning and Purpose

The drive of life to sustain itself is the only real meaning and purpose.
Without it, nothing: zero, nil, zilch, void, extinction, annihilation, oblivion.

The Illusion of Continuity

Every moment is in quantum reality entirely unrelated to any other,
But through the time-bound dream of consciousness.
All continuity is but imaginary notion.

No Creator, No Destroyer

There is no creator, only creating; there is no destroyer, only destroying.
And they are both one in the same each and every never-changing moment.

When the Harvest Comes

The Witness manifests many different ways.
Try not to get caught up in the greater or lesser game.
None of it will matter when the Reaper shows up for the harvest.

Yet Another Unhinged Mind

Yet another mind grossly unhinged by industry, technology,
And all the other wayward contrivances born of the human mind.

Questioning Identity

Who is the identity?
What is the identity?
Where is the identity?
When is the identity?
Why is the identity?
How is the identity?

The Imaginary Reality

It is imagination that clings to all its imaginary notions.
Reality is ever-changing, in its ever-same, indivisible way.

The Last Story

The last human …will it be a man? A woman? A boy? A girl?
Who will it be? What will happen? Where will it happen?
When will it happen? Why will it happen? How will it happen?
What will be the last story of the final spark of human consciousness.

The God Bundle

God, as so many dualistic creeds of these modern times would have it,
Is Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, and the Great Pumpkin,
All bundled up nice-and-tidy-and-a-tad-more-than-all-perfect into one Judge Judy.

Where the Wheel Hits the Road

What happened a moment ago, what will happen a moment hence,
Is not the wheel that is hitting the road right now.
It is only imagination that clings.

Quite Another Matter

Every seed is a one-time adventure.
The deep-rooted, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
That witnesses the given sensory theater, is, however, quite another matter.

New Beginning, New Ending

Each and every moment is a new beginning, a new ending.
Why believe, why imagine, You can ever hold on to anything?

Shades of Lipstick

What is all philosophy but different shades of lipstick on the same mystery.
For each and every observer who might ponder it deeply, it is equally new.

There is But One Moment

… there is but one moment …

… this moment …

… is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment …

… the one and only eternal reality …

… whatever the theater …

As Real and True as It Gets

Every life form is the same quantum mystery, the same awareness, indivisibly alone,
Each peering out into a completely unique, completely sovereign creation.
If You are questing an omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent God,
That grand vision of totality, which ever includes You,
Is as real, is as true, as ever can ever be.

Connecting Dots

Did something happen for a reason? Or did something just happen to happen?
Fallacies are mistaken beliefs, especially ones based on unsound argument.
Piecing together things to give meaning and purpose where none exist.
Mind is adept at connecting dots, but often into great absurdities.

Try Not to Believe

You are indelible awareness.
Try not to believe what You see.
Try not to believe what You hear.
Try not to believe what You taste.
Try not to believe what You smell.
Try not to believe what You feel.
And most of all …
Try not to believe what You think.

Every Dream, Its Own First and Last

We are all first and last in our own little dream.
Every window of time offers its own articulation.
None are greater or lesser, despite all assertions.

The Gradations of Vanity

From family to tribal bands to the greatest civilizations,
What has any cultural grouping ever been,
But notions born of vanity.

The Habituation of Meaning

All values, all standards, all morals, all ethics, all ideals, all principles, all tenets, all beliefs,
Are subjective, arbitrary, fallacious, sentimental, distorted, idiosyncratic,
Skewed, prejudiced, colored, slanted, biased, personal.
Meaningful only to minds conditioned, habituated to believe them.

Where is the Knowledge in Oblivion?

Existence becomes a preoccupation, an obligation, a predictable routine,
A commitment to enduring endless rounds of monotony and suffering,
Between relatively brief respites of what is considered exiting or pleasurable,
To what end only death (perhaps) knows, if knowledge is at all important in oblivion.

Clinging to the Ever-Changing

It is imagination that clings to its countless imaginary notions,
Founded upon the sensory mind-body quantum matrix.
Reality is ever-changing in its ever-same way.

A Center Stage Rendition

Neither up nor down, right nor left, forward nor backward,
Nor any other symmetrical or asymmetrical orientation, either.
You are the one and only center stage awareness peering out,
Into your mind-body's rendition of the quantum theater.

With and Without

What would the cosmos be without You?
What would You be without the cosmos?

Destined to Continue

The human experience is remarkably painful, yet we endure,
And continue breeding, so that the future will get its due, as well.

The Moment That Cannot Be Imagined

Take an hour, split it in half.
Take that half and divide it in half,
And then half that half into yet another half,
And half and half and half, again and again and again,
Until there is but the half-est half that half can consciously be,
And that splinter will still be more half than the one and only twinkling,
In which all time born of the human mind imagines its measured passing to be.

The Truth of Aging

What are all old sickly folks doing but just hanging on and on and on,
Taking up space, breathing and imbibing, and otherwise devouring,
The future's air and water, and other ways and means au naturel.

Conspiracies? Or Mission Statements?

Every group has its raison d'etre.
Group actions are less about conspiracy,
Than they are mission statements set in motion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Makes You So Sure?

Who are You?
What are You?
Where are You?
When are You?
Why are You?
How are You?
And …
Who-what-where-when-why-how,
Makes You so goll-darned-friggin'-beyond-all-doubt sure?

Just How Sure Can You Be?

Who are You? What are You? Where are You? When are You? Why are You? How are You?
And who-what-where-when-why-how, makes You so goll-darned-friggin'-beyond-all-doubt sure?

Everyone, Everything, as Indivisible as You

Glance over at the weary old woman sitting very alone at the thieving slot machine three stools away.
Chain-smoking cigarette after cigarette, downing as many gin-and-tonics as the waitress will allow.
Though she does not even begin to fathom it, she is just as much the indivisible mystery as You.
So do not get all pride-filled and judgmental, believing You are special for discerning the obvious.

The Aloofness of Self

Become a stranger to the mind-body that the timeless awareness You truly are inhabits.
Be as aloof toward your passing dream of consciousness as You would be to any other's.

And God Sighed, “Meh”

And lo and behold, the whirling garden orb, the pale blue dot of the seven days, was no more.
Ripped asunder, slathered by asphalt, cement, glass, and plastic, it had lost its way,
Forever scarred by the monkey-mind evolved in forests of so long ago.
And though blades of grass labored through the many cracks,
God gazed down and forlornly sighed, “Meh.”

The Self-Absorption of Passion

What is to feel happy for? What is to feel sorrow about? What is to feel angry at?
What is any passion but the self-absorption of desire and rage and fervor,
A dream that is not real, has never been real, will never be real.

All Centerstage in Their Own Dream

I am centerstage in my dream; You, centerstage in yours.
What is to be done but play on however the mystery calls.

Nothing Less, Nothing More, Nothing But

Awareness, You are, You are.
The eternal, ever-present moment.
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

Questions of a Thousand Dreams

Who is the who?
What is the what?
Where is the where?
When is the when?
Why is the why?
How is the how?

Unsolvable Mystery, Ceaseless Speculations

Cultures across every time and geography have always added imagery and idolatry
– gratuitous, frivolous, meaningless usurpations, ever born of imagination –
To their ceaseless speculations regarding this unsolvable mystery,
All of which are utterly pointless when it comes to the quest for truth.

An Eye for an I

Who is I?
What is I?
Where is I?
When is I?
Why is I?
How is I?

All Alone, Centerstage

All are alone, centerstage in their universe,
And all others are but ever-kaleidoscoping reflections,
Born of the sensory theater that nature-nurture hath wrought.

Sun Tzu 101

Sun Tzu said, “The art of war recognizes nine varieties of ground.”

1) Dispersive Ground:
When a chieftain is fighting in his own territory, it is dispersive ground.

2) Facile Ground:
When he has penetrated into hostile territory, but to no great distance, it is facile ground.

3) Contentious Ground:
Ground the possession of which imports great advantage to either side, is contentious ground.

4) Open Ground:
Ground on which each side has liberty of movement is open ground.

5) Ground of Intersecting Highways:
Ground which forms the key to three contiguous states,
so that he who occupies it first has most of the Empire at his command,
is a ground of intersecting highways.

6) Serious Ground:
When an army has penetrated into the heart of a hostile country,
leaving a number of fortified cities in its rear, it is serious ground.

7) Difficult Ground:
Mountain forests, rugged steeps, marshes and fens,
all country that is hard to traverse, this is difficult ground.

8) Hemmed-In Ground:
Ground which is reached through narrow gorges,
and from which we can only retire by tortuous paths,
so that a small number of the enemy would suffice to crush a large body of our men,
this is hemmed in ground.

9) Desperate Ground:
Ground on which we can only be saved from destruction
by fighting without delay, is desperate ground.

Always be aware of the ground on which You stand,
The ground through which You pass,
The ground through which You intend to stand or pass,
The ground in which You have stood, or through which You have passed,
And the quantum nature of which all are equally fashioned,
Ever-indivisible beneath your indivisible feet.

The Seven C's of Effective Communication

Always a sound and rational idea to hold fast with the Seven C's of effective communication:

Clarity
Ensure your message is easy to understand and leaves no room for ambiguity.
Use clear and concise language, avoiding jargon or technical terms
that your audience may not understand.

Conciseness
Get straight to the point and avoid unnecessary words or information.
A concise message is more likely to be retained and acted upon.

Correctness
Ensure your message is accurate, factual, and free of errors.
Double-check your figures, facts, and grammar before sending or delivering your message.

Completeness
Include all necessary information to ensure the recipient has a full understanding of the message.
Consider your audience's perspective and provide relevant details.

Concreteness
Support your message with specific details, examples, or illustrations.
Avoid abstract or generalized statements.

Consideration
Show respect for your audience's time, knowledge, and emotions.
Be mindful of their feelings and perspectives.

Courtesy
Be polite and respectful in your communication.
Use appropriate language and tone, and be mindful of non-verbal cues.

This Ever-Present Moment

There is only awareness.
There is only this one ever-present moment in which awareness is.
You are the awareness, You are the moment.
There is no other.

Only Ignorance Imagines Knowing

Awareness equally, spacelessly, timelessly, indivisibly, permeates all dimensions,
In the one-and-only everlasting, ever-present moment, as the mystery ordains.
What minds perceive is a cosmos, is an ever-mutating theater of quantum design.
How it came to this or that, how it continues on, only ignorance imagines knowing.

Here You Are

This is the one and only here, the one and only now,
The one and only awareness, the one and only moment.

Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are …

The Destiny of Speculation

No, not that.
And not that, either.
And throw out that one, too.
Such is the destiny of all speculation.

Nothing to Feed

Always wanting it to be what it can never be, has no need to be.
How can You be so gluttonous, when there is truly nothing to feed?

The So Hard of It

Hard to start, hard to continue, hard to finish,
Hard to not wish You could do it all over again.

The Impossible Questions

Who? Who cares anyway?
What? What does it matter?
Where? Where do You think?
When? When do You please?
Why? Why does it matter?
How? How do You know?

Why Would Awareness Ever Care?

Why would what others think of You, why would what You think of yourself,
Ever matter at all to the awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be?

What Is There to Transcend?

What is there to achieve, what is there to transcend,
When the moment from which awareness peers,
Is every figment You could ever yearn to be.

What Point All the Speculations?

So many speculations, absolutely none any more or less true than any other.
What point all the delusions, pretending to know what can never be known?

Damn the Torpedoes

All sorts of things that make a life weave and bob.
No rewind button, so tally ho, damn the torpedoes.

Complete and Utter Indifference

The pain and suffering of mortal existence, is insurmountable,
But through the complete and utter indifference of pure awareness.

Just Another Story

Spin that narrative however You will, it is just a story.
Imagined, fabricated, temporal, bounded,
Destined to be forgotten.

Oh Where, Oh Where

Where does the universe go when You close your eyes?
What is the universe doing behind the back of your head?
Not blinking, or turning around, will not provide the answer.

Not All That Different

That man You slayed, was not so different than You.
He had a mother, he had a father, he had sisters, he had brothers.
He had girlfriends, wives, children, grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts, uncles.
He had friends, acquaintances, partners, co-workers, adversaries.
The only difference was he belonged to a different tribe.
A difference your tribe would not tolerate.

The Detachment of Awareness

Pain and suffering are aided and abetted by imagination's flight in the illusory winds of time and space.
To be still in the awareness that is the source, is to detach from the mind-body and the cosmos it creates.

The Final Plague

All the plagues, geographies throughout time have witnessed,
Are Mother Nature's resolute attempts to put an end to her two-legged creation.
Perhaps, one of these fine daze, if we do not beat her to the punch, she will finally get it right.

Why So Serious?

Would You ever be as concerned,
What any other creature thought of You,
As You are some stranger, passing on a sidewalk?

Agape Love

Self-interest is the underlying context for all human interaction.
Love is bullshit unless one truly transcends into the agape rendition.

A Dubious Assumption

How can You be sure it was not your nature-nurture conditioning,
The patterned interplay of your genetic inheritance and other biological factors,
And the countless influences of external factors after conception,
That tacked You left, not right, or right, not left?
Free will is a dubious assumption.

The Dearth of Wisdom

The dearth of wise and trustworthy leadership in this our modern world,
Is not going to get any better any time ever in the human paradigm.
Any and all revolutions will only replace what is with the same.
The little folk who might yearn for more are on their own.
Power and fame and fortune do not tend to seduce the selfless.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Forgive Your Self

If You sincerely regret something You did or did not do,
It probably means You would do it differently,
Or at least attempt to do it differently,
Were there a rewind button.
Meanwhile, try to forgive yourself.

The Questions of Attachment

Who is attached to who?
What is attached to what?
Where is attached to where?
When is attached to when?
Why is attached to why?
How is attached to how?

In Every Breath, the Cosmos

Each and every moment takes up a mighty big swath,
When You ponder the breadth and depth,
Of the cosmos it contains.

Who Thinks Who?

Who sees who?
Who tastes who?
Who smells who?
Who hears who?
Who feels who?
Who thinks who?

The Time Traveler

You have been a time traveler ever since your mortal body was conceived.
And You will return to – oblivion, obscurity, nothingness, void, nada – when it perishes.
Such is the nature of the dreamtime, which all sentient creatures small to great must stoically endure.

Evolutionary Happenstance

The human paradigm is an outcome of memory cells, created through evolutionary happenstance,
Through natural selection, in such a way as to conjure up an imaginary self,
And the rest is the make-believe we call history.

Everyone a Storyteller

No matter that it be alleged fact or fantastical fiction, all thinkers, all writers, all actors,
All historians, all scientists, all mathematicians, all engineers, all electricians,
All architects, all carpenters, all chefs, all tailors, all cobblers,
All inventors, all producers, all originators,
All creators of every variety, every scope, are storytellers.

The Real History

History changes every time a page is added or torn out.
History is unchanged even when a page is added or torn out.

From the Get-Go

The entire human paradigm has never been about free will.
It was ordained, predetermined, destined, fated,
Genetically sequenced, from the get-go.

The Story of Toll Booths

Someone creates a story.
Someone else believes it true.
Someone else builds a toll booth.

Such is the Dream of Time

You have been a time traveler ever since You were conceived,
And will come to a complete standstill when You depart.
Such is the dream of time for all sentient creatures.

All the Pain, All the Suffering

How can there ever be a health care system that can keep up,
With all the pain and suffering this manifest dreamtime compels?

The Hypocrisy of Conquest

One tribe or another rapes and pillages and destroys the garden and neighborhood,
And then gets all out of sorts and twisted up, when nature and the neighbors strike back.

The Inevitability of Decline

Any given system tends to eventually grow too large, too unwieldy, too stale,
And is usurped by more adaptable systems, not yet bound by the inevitable constraints.
It is the nature of the manifest garden, the manifest universe, since its creation.

The Irrationality of Trivial Pursuit

The mystery is an endless source of knowledge and nonsense.
How rational is it to endlessly fill You head with so much of it?

The Nature of Awareness

It is impossible for the pure awareness to exist.
It is but timeless witness to a kaleidoscoping quantum dream,
Over which it has no influence, about which it has no concern, whatsoever.

The Same Old Monkey's-Fist-In-The-Coconut Narrative

The indelible voraciousness of humanoid consciousness,
Traps the genomic paradigm in an endless vortex,
Of every conceivable narcissism, of every achievable hedonism.
The same old monkey's-fist-in-the-coconut narrative, played out forever again.

When It Began

From non-living matter to organic compounds to slimy blobs to crawlers to tree-swingers,
When the two-legged genome became the human beings we today play, is anybody's guess.

No Denying It

One of the first things to admit to yourself every morning,
Is that You are absolutely bonkers, just like everyone else.

The Dream in a Nutshell

Awareness is witness.
Imagination, the dreamer.
Quantum, the theater.

The Build-Up-Tear-Down Game

Is there anything the willy-nilly mob savors more,
Than setting their champions and idols on golden pedestals,
And then righteously wrenching them down at the slightest provocation.

The Tyranny! The Tyranny!

The tyranny that desire and fear, power and fame and fortune,
Have over the human mind, is an unending theater of absurdity.

Always! Always! Always!

You are what You have always been, will always be.
You have always been what You will always be, always are,
You will always be what You are, have always been.

Mesmerized by Illusion

So hypnotized by our genomic patterning and cultural conditioning,
That we cannot simply discern, simply transcend,
All the imagined differences.

The Dominions of Imagination

The moment is timeless.
It harbors no beginnings, no endings, nor anything before or between or after.
Those are the dominions of imagination.

The Great Challenge

To be as still as the awareness that perceives it all,
To be free of all desire and fear, all musings, all conclusions, all speculations,
All the weavings of the ever-kaleidoscoping senses,
That is the challenge.

All the Same Moment

Some universes are very large
Some universes are very small.
All universes begin the same.
All universes end the same.
All, the same moment.

What Does the Mystery Care?

Infinite or infinitesimal, what does the mystery care?
Spiritual or agnostic, what does the mystery care?
Clean or dirty, what does the mystery care?
Live or die, what does the mystery care?
Wealthy or poor, what does the mystery care?
Alive or dead, what does the mystery care?
Believer or atheist, what does the mystery care?
Subtle or blatant, what does the mystery care?
Kind or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Sane or insane, what does the mystery care?
Straight or gay, what does the mystery care?
Sage or fool, what does the mystery care?
Fast or slow, what does the mystery care?
Do or do not, what does the mystery care?
Long or short, what does the mystery care?
Succeed or fail, what does the mystery care?
Love or hate, what does the mystery care?
Still or moving, what does the mystery care?
Real or unreal, what does the mystery care?
Tit or tat, what does the mystery care?
For or against, what does the mystery care?
Up or down, what does the mystery care?
Around or through, what does the mystery care?
Clear or unclear, what does the mystery care?
Fat or thin, what does the mystery care?
Strong or weak, what does the mystery care?
Gratis or priceless, what does the mystery care?
Hard or soft, what does the mystery care?
Give or take, what does the mystery care?
To or from, what does the mystery care?
Wise or foolish, what does the mystery care?
Beautiful or ugly, what does the mystery care?
Big or small, what does the mystery care?
Known or unknown, what does the mystery care?
Fore or aft, what does the mystery care?
Awake or asleep, what does the mystery care?
Heavy or light, what does the mystery care?
Rich or poor, what does the mystery care?
Awake or asleep, what does the mystery care?
True or false, what does the mystery care?
Ecstasy or agony, what does the mystery care?
First or last, what does the mystery care?
Creative or destructive, what does the mystery care?
Full or empty, what does the mystery care?
Sweet or bitter, what does the mystery care?
Loud or quiet, what does the mystery care?

Straight or rounded, what does the mystery care?
Bright or dim, what does the mystery care?
Well or unwell, what does the mystery care?
Astute or obtuse, what does the mystery care?
Like or unlike, what does the mystery care?
Appealing or revolting, what does the mystery care?
Clear or opaque, what does the mystery care?
Thick or thin, what does the mystery care?
Brave or cowardly, what does the mystery care?
Sweet or sour, what does the mystery care?
Equal or lopsided, what does the mystery care?
King or slave, what does the mystery care?
Queen or whore, what does the mystery care?
Expansive or contractive, what does the mystery care?
Soft or harsh, what does the mystery care?
Young or old, what does the mystery care?
Male or female, what does the mystery care?
Honest or dishonest, what does the mystery care?
Wild or tame, what does the mystery care?
Early or late, what does the mystery care?
Pure or foul, what does the mystery care?
Cautious or reckless, what does the mystery care?
Hit or miss, what does the mystery care?
Lead or follow, what does the mystery care?
High or low, what does the mystery care?
Naive or cynical, what does the mystery care?
Truth or lie, what does the mystery care?
Deep or shallow, what does the mystery care?
Open or closed, what does the mystery care?
Rational or absurd, what does the mystery care?
Near or far, what does the mystery care?
Singular or dual, what does the mystery care?
In or out, what does the mystery care?
Free or imprisoned, what does the mystery care?
Yes or no, what does the mystery care?
Attached or detached, what does the mystery care?
Course or fine, what does the mystery care?
All or none, what does the mystery care?
Shiny or dull, what does the mystery care?
Smart or stupid, what does the mystery care?
Tall or short, what does the mystery care?
Forward or backward, what does the mystery care?
Before or after, what does the mystery care?
Selfless or selfish, what does the mystery care?
One or two, what does the mystery care?
Within or without, what does the mystery care?
Yay or nay, what does the mystery care?
Close or distant, what does the mystery care?

Normal or weird, what does the mystery care?
Wet or dry, what does the mystery care?
Hot or cold, what does the mystery care?
Constant or fickle, what does the mystery care?
Positive or negative, what does the mystery care?
Happy or sad, what does the mystery care?
Fair or unfair, what does the mystery care?
Over or under, what does the mystery care?
Similar or different, what does the mystery care?
Loose or tight, what does the mystery care?
Plus or minus, what does the mystery care?
Above or below, what does the mystery care?
Inside or outside, what does the mystery care?
Simple or complex, what does the mystery care?
Black or white, what does the mystery care?
Smooth or coarse, what does the mystery care?
Wide or narrow, what does the mystery care?
Gentle or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Humble or vain, what does the mystery care?
On or off, what does the mystery care?
Here or there, what does the mystery care?
Have or have not, what does the mystery care?
Sharp or dull, what does the mystery care?
Good or bad, what does the mystery care?
Right or wrong, what does the mystery care?
Everything or nothing, what does the mystery care?
Something or nothing, what does the mystery care?
White or black, what does the mystery care?
Light or dark, what does the mystery care?
This or that, what does the mystery care?

When a Wave Strikes

A wave is coming toward You.
Dive into it.
Flow with it.
Let it slam You.
Your choice.

Breadcrumbs 2020

To Care, or Not to Care

Who is the I, who cares, or cares not?
What is the I, what cares, or cares not?
Where is the I, where cares, or cares not?
When is the I, when cares, or cares not?
Why is the I, why cares, or cares not?
How is the I, how cares, or cares not?

All Duality is Imaginary

The only duality, the only dichotomy, with all its blacks and whites,
Nears and fars, larges and smalls, heres and theres, rights and wrongs, loves and hates,
Pluses and minuses, goods and evils, creations and destructions,
Is fabricated entirely of imagination.

A Theater of Unmitigated Absurdity

Plug five senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Into a neurotransmitter capable of higher consciousness,
Capable of imagining a sense of self journeying space and time.
Add memory, larynx, opposable thumbs, two legs, lungs, cooling system,
And an inherent predisposition for tool-making and intricate social interactions.
Sprinkle into that biological stew a few dashes of desire and fear,
And, poof, a theater of unmitigated absurdity.

In Every Mind, Both Lock and Key

Pain and suffering have a way of drawing one's attention,
More easily, more readily, than pleasure and joy.
Within each mind, both lock and key.

Are You Sure?

Are You sure You really want to open that door?
Are You sure You really want to close that door?

What Choice Between Heaven and Hell?

Hell is surely much more interesting, much more entertaining, much more pleasurable,
Than playing a golden harp, at the feet of some deity, in an ethereal paradise, could ever be.

To Know God

If You want to call anything God, it would be awareness.
That which is kinetic or potential, in all things, in all times.

Nectar of the Gods, or Hollow Ideal?

Forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, truth.
Be they the nectar of the gods, or merely hollow ideals?

Suffer No Idols

There is only awareness, immaculate and ingenuous, indivisible and absolute.
It is not Brahman, nor Tao, nor God, nor Allah, nor Jehovah, nor Zeus, nor Jesus, nor Buddha,
Nor any other graven image on high, born of consciousness, manmade or otherwise.

A Wee Slice

Every creature plays a sensory cosmos.
Every creature taps into a wee slice of the quantum pie.
An itsy-bitsy sliver of the web of life sponsored by the electromagnetic spectrum.
Finite is finite, no matter the perspective.

Be Wary of All Propaganda

Be exceedingly wary of those who truly believe their own propaganda.
Regarding your own self-deceptions, your own fallacies,
Do your best to keep them to a minimum.

Nothing

There is nothing more.
Nothing to achieve.
Nothing to grasp.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
All but a dream.

Thespians, All

We are all thespians upon the quantum stage.
Most believing their parts real and true.
Some more believable than others,
But all dreams, nonetheless.

Only in Pure Awareness

Only in pure awareness, free of all pasts, free of all futures,
All movement of the clouds of consciousness,
Are You free in the dreamtime.

All Questions Answered

So, that is who.
So, that is what.
So, that is where.
So, that is when.
So, that is why.
So, that is how.

The Advent of Knowledge

The articulation, the formulation, of anything,
Is always many steps beyond the moment, to even bother trying,
But the mind is ever absorbed in the endeavor,
And calls it knowing.

Pay Attention, You Might Live Longer

You do not need technology to tell You which way the wind blows,
Or that it is hot or cold or humid or raining or snowing,
Or whatever else Mother Nature has in store.
Pay attention, You might live longer.

Why Pretend?

Why bother pretending to know what can never be known?
Only delusion and greed assert anything beyond comprehension.

Another Day Underway

Peering out through the quantum mind,
At a shard of the electromagnetic spectrum,
Another day in the quantum mystery underway.

The Timeless Moment

You are the timeless moment between life and death,
Reverie and oblivion, known and unknown, dust and dust.

Beyond Box Thinking

If You are one that endeavors to think outside your box,
The box gradually grows bigger and bigger and bigger,
Until perchance one indivisible day, no edges remain.

Awareness is Indifferent to All Attributes

Only imagination desires and fears, likes and loves and hates, creates and preserves and destroys.
Only imagination wallows in pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth.
Only imagination determines all things separate and unequal.
Awareness is indifferent to all attributes.

No Time Like the Present

Awareness has no space, no time, to create or preserve or destroy,
Live or die, give or take, stay or go, happy or sad, love or hate, good or bad,
Right or wrong, smart or stupid, kind or cruel, rich or poor,
Sage or fool, black or white, this or that.
Duality is not its purview.

Of Timelessness and Namelessness

That which can be perceived, is not the timeless quantum.
That which can be named, is not the nameless awareness.

The Delusions of Fictions

The me-myself-and-I is an absurd delusion born of imagination.
It but a fictional player in the spaceless-timeless eye of awareness.

The Obscurity of the Agnostic

Better to be agnostic, better to allow all the befores, all the afters,
To melt back into the obscurity, in which they have always resided.

All the Same Moment

… this moment leads to the next …
… leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next …
… leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next …
… all the same moment … ever present … ever here … ever now … ever eternal …

The Pain and Suffering of Dreamtime

Amazing how much pain and suffering we all put up with in this sensory-mind inspired,
Three-dimensional, touchy-feely, extremely finite, extremely illusory, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Tangibly intangible, ethereal, electromagnetic spectrum quantum matrix of a dreamtime.

Ever the Same Modern Times

All modern times – past modern times, current modern times, future modern times –
All transpire … all progress … all kaleidoscope … in the same spaceless-timeless now.

The Nothingness in Every Breath

Breathe in nothing, breath out nothing.
Repeat, until the last unborn-undying moment,
Consciousness is capable of sustaining.

Reside in the Serenity

Reside in the timeless, effortless, indivisible serenity,
Of the mystery You are, have ever been, will ever be.

The Truth of Sin

The cosmic garden is an indivisibly immaculate creation.
Imagination is the creator of original sin, the last sin,
And all the incalculable ones betwixt and between.

The Haven in Every Moment

The ephemeral moment offers haven to neither joy nor sorrow.
That is the dominion of the temporal mind imagining all things so.

The Wheel of Perpetual Delusion

The three vanities – power, fame, fortune – are the ways and means of greed,
And greed, of pride, and pride of an indefatigable capacity for perpetual delusion.

The Attraction to Distraction

You are attached to anything tangible or intangible,
That distracts You from the pure beingness of awareness,
Anything that draws You into the endless web of consciousness.

The Greatest Freedom

What serenity to let go all the wanting, all the dread,
To inhale and exhale without concern, without doubt.
To see it all, and want it not, is the greatest freedom.

An Expression of Nature

Have You really ever seen anything but expressions of nature?
Have You really ever been anything but an expression of nature?

Awareness is Awareness

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize?
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatrize?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?
What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?
What is to traditionalize?
What is to anything?

Of Purpose and Meaning

… There must be a purpose … It was meant to be …
What do those stale fallacies mean, anyway?
Here You are, right here, right now.
What need for it to be more than that?

So Many! So Many!

So many victories, so many losses, so many delights, so many regrets.
So many friends, so many acquaintances, so many antagonists.
So many memories of this and that, and that and this.
The mind can be heaven, the mind can be hell,
And all the purgatories weaving the gray between.

Carbs In, Carbs Out

Consuming only what your metabolism requires is the challenge.
Carbs in, carbs out; far easier not to gain it, than it is to lose it.

A Dubious Assumption

Forever is a function of time,
And given that time does not actually exist,
Is therefore of questionable meaning.
A dubious assumption, indeed.

What Imagination Hath Wrought

What creature has not been the transcendent timeless serenity its entire existence?
Only the human species has fabricated a hellish enterprise of this magical garden world.
The gods and demons it has mythologized, are but the vanity of imagination's divisive nature.

The Truest Church

Attend the moment, in this right-here-right now.
That is the church, 24/7/365, for the rest of mind.

Take Nothing for Granted

Sometimes You look at things one way, sometimes another.
Irony and paradox, take nothing, leave nothing, for granted.

The Helter-Skelter of Illusion

Helter-skeltering, in the to and fro, of the ebb and flow,
Until perchance You get back to where You started from.

The Quantum Paradox

Sight and sound and taste and smell and touch,
Are but the Darwinian alchemy of the sensory mind-body,
Inexplicably founded upon the emptiness of the quantum paradox.

Nobody Teaches Anyone Anything

Nobody has ever taught You anything.
You may have gleaned something spoken or written,
But it was You who had to study it, learn it, practice it, until it stuck.

Through the Reflecting Glass

Observer, seer, visionary, soothsayer, oracle, prophet, prognosticator,
Diviner, fortune teller, augur, crystal gazer, clairvoyant,
Psychic, medium, sibyl, forecaster, scientist.
All witnesses to the same mystery of their own persuasion.

The Rise and Fall of Everything

No doubt a fair-to-middling portion of the world is always churning away,
On every ways and means to bring any Rome's little production to its knees.

The Actuality of All Creation

That You are co-creator, co-creating, is not an ego thing.
It is an actuality thing, every moment, of every existence.

Of Strategies and Tactics

Damning the torpedoes, burning the bridges and boats,
Going for broke, running the gauntlet, throwing caution to the wind,
Are generally extreme, no-other-option tactics; only rarely safe 'n sound strategies.

The Truth of Philosophical Prattle

Truth is so much simpler, so much more austere, than all the multiple-syllable wordplay,
That I and others of the same ilk so methodically, so legalistically use,
In our relatively pointless philosophical prattle.

Of the Solitary Meander

Many if not most are fully absorbed in their own existential adventure,
And make little time to deeply ponder the large and small of it in any meaningful way.
The solitary meander of the philosopher is very alonely ground.
And does it matter? Not one whit.

The Difference Between Science and Superstition

The origin of any scientific experiment is chock-full of speculative possibilities.
The difference between it and superstition, is every attempt to weed out the fallacies.

No Need for Aliens or Deities

This garden world is plenty capable of fashioning anything,
The physics of the quantum mystery might allow,
Without the aid of aliens or deities.

Illusion and Delusion

From nothingness, awareness.
From awareness, quantum.
From quantum, chemistry.
From chemistry, biology.
From biology, medium.
From medium, consciousness,
From consciousness, imagination.
From imagination, Me and Myself and I.
From Me and Myself and I, illusion and delusion.

What Point Judgment?

What is the point of anyone judging any another?
All sensory mind-bodies experience very different worlds, very different universes,
That cannot be altered in any way, in any size, in any shape.
Be and allow, are the highest law.

From Birth to Death

We are born alone, we exist alone, we die alone.
Nothing to assert, nothing to emote, nothing to avoid.

Of the Quantum Tempest

Every other moment of your relatively brief existence,
No matter the quantum tempest whooshing around and about,
Has always been very much steeped in the same awareness as this one.

The Fate of Stagnation

Any individual, any group, any organization, any nation state,
That does not revitalize its dynamic, is destined to decline and fall.

The Truth of Oblivion

When all is said and done, all is said and done.
When all is come and gone, all is come and gone.
Oblivion is the natural state of all befores, all afters.

The Awareness in All Dreams

Awareness is the clarity, the simplicity, the transparency, the eternity,
In which the thunder and lightning of consciousness,
Equally plays any and all dreams.

The Same in All Things

The same awareness is in all life,
It is neither mine nor yours nor theirs.
It is without attachment to any configuration,
And equally plays any and all dreams.

The Reality of Nothing

Nothing to get.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.

The Indivisible Reality

There is just this one indelible, indivisible reality,
So easily forgotten in any given moment:
That all are You, and You are all.
Simple to utter; challenging to every instant realize.
How quickly the distractible mind can misplace any coherent insight,
In the murky fog, the mucky bog, the gummy quagmire, of the everyday-divisive grind.

Of Fallacious Proclamations

How is it all the folks who so convincingly proclaim their presence,
Are never able to offer verifiable scientific proof of all their deities and aliens,
Much less anything more than folklore about how they came to exist in the first place.

The Convenience of Wage Slavery

The convenient thing about the wage slaves of this modern world,
Is that the overseers no longer have to house and clothe and feed them.

Rationalizing the Mystery

All deities and other mythological creations are un-provable assumptions,
Born of the inexplicable human need to rationalize their inexplicability.

The Speculations of Imagination

Regarding the infinity of the mystery into which we have been cast,
No one can ever know more than the speculations of imagination allow.

Always the Same

It is the same today,
As it was yesterday,
As it will be tomorrow.

All You, No Matter Anything

No matter the time, no matter the space,
No matter the form, no matter the formless,
It is all You, and You alone, indivisible, eternal.

The One and Only Instant

There has never been even one instant in all eternity,
When You are not the unborn-undying changeless nature.
All perceptions, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructs.

Some Unanswerable Questions

Who is the universe You cannot see?
What is the universe You cannot see?
Where is the universe You cannot see?
When is the universe You cannot see?
Why is the universe You cannot see?
How is the universe You cannot see?

Who is the universe You cannot hear?
What is the universe You cannot hear?
Where is the universe You cannot hear?
When is the universe You cannot hear?
Why is the universe You cannot hear?
How is the universe You cannot hear?

Who is the universe You cannot taste?
What is the universe You cannot taste?
Where is the universe You cannot taste?
When is the universe You cannot taste?
Why is the universe You cannot taste?
How is the universe You cannot taste?

Who is the universe You cannot smell?
What is the universe You cannot smell?
Where is the universe You cannot smell?
When is the universe You cannot smell?
Why is the universe You cannot smell?
How is the universe You cannot smell?

Who is the universe You cannot touch?
What is the universe You cannot touch?
Where is the universe You cannot touch?
When is the universe You cannot touch?
Why is the universe You cannot touch?
How is the universe You cannot touch?

Who is the universe You cannot know?
What is the universe You cannot know?
Where is the universe You cannot know?
When is the universe You cannot know?
Why is the universe You cannot know?
How is the universe You cannot know?

Some Unanswerable Questions Remixed

Who is the universe You cannot see?
Who is the universe You cannot hear?
Who is the universe You cannot taste?
Who is the universe You cannot smell?
Who is the universe You cannot touch?
Who is the universe You cannot know?

What is the universe You cannot see?
What is the universe You cannot hear?
What is the universe You cannot taste?
What is the universe You cannot smell?
What is the universe You cannot touch?
What is the universe You cannot know?

Where is the universe You cannot see?
Where is the universe You cannot hear?
Where is the universe You cannot taste?
Where is the universe You cannot smell?
Where is the universe You cannot touch?
Where is the universe You cannot know?

When is the universe You cannot see?
When is the universe You cannot hear?
When is the universe You cannot taste?
When is the universe You cannot smell?
When is the universe You cannot touch?
When is the universe You cannot know?

Why is the universe You cannot see?
Why is the universe You cannot hear?
Why is the universe You cannot taste?
Why is the universe You cannot smell?
Why is the universe You cannot touch?
Why is the universe You cannot know?

How is the universe You cannot see?
How is the universe You cannot hear?
How is the universe You cannot taste?
How is the universe You cannot smell?
How is the universe You cannot touch?
How is the universe You cannot know?

The End to Doubt

In the Bhagavad Gita, in Lord Krishna's discourse with the warrior, Arjuna,
He states the manifest aspect consists of eight material energies:
Earth, water, fire, air, ether, mind, intellect, and ego.
And that the higher nature is the life force,
That permeates all things and sustains the Cosmos.
This two-fold nature is the womb of all beings and things.
It is the source of all Creation, and that into which it dissolves.
That there is nothing higher than the Self that clearly discerns this,
That "All That Is" hangs upon this Self like "pearls threaded on string."
And that those few who absolutely, without doubt, see this, become That I Am.

You the Unborn Indivisible

There has never been even one instant, when You are not the unborn indivisible nature.
All perceptions, all causes, all effects, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructions.

No Matter Anything

No matter the dice-and-slice of the quantum electromagnetic spectrum being occupied,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the sensory theater,
No matter the dimension,
No matter any dichotomy, any contrast, any gulf, whatsoever,
The awareness peering out, the mystery peering out, the You peering out, is ever eternally the same.

A Spaceless, Timeless Beginning

Imagine yourself back to the moment You were conceived,
And re-examine, re-witness, from that spaceless, timeless beginning,
The womb, the world, the cosmos, You have in mind traveled, in mind created.

That Which Cannot Be Taught

Truth is not something that can be taught, nor can it be learned.
It is about fully attending the moment, not the triviality of memory.

The Great What Is

The great what is, is so prior to and well beyond any mind-made human concoction,
That vanity can never achieve anything more than all but meaningless confabulation.

The Nothingness of Quantum Play

Observing, contemplating, the imaginary expanses of the mind's kaleidoscoping theater,
All seen, all heard, all tasted, all smelled, all touched, all anything,
Is the nothingness of quantum play.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.